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THE PROGRESS OF REFORM.

WE were a little premature in congratulating ourselves last week upon the exit of the compound householder. Although he had vanished for the moment, it was only to reappear in the very objectionable form presented by the clauses through which Mr. Disraeli professed to carry out the amendment of Mr. Hodgkinson. Happily it turned out that his return to the political stage was a pure mistake. The Government did not want him back-they were, on the contrary, quite as sick of him as every one else; but they thought the Opposition would not be content unless the practice of compounding was saved in some way or other, and for that reason, and that alone, they had therefore placed upon the table clauses which were directly calculated to defeat the object which they professed to promote. Such, at any rate, was the explanation of the Chancellor of the Exchequer; and although it may perhaps be open to doubt whether the right hon. gentleman is really so simple as he chose to appear on this occasion, the inquiry is scarcely worth pursuing under existing circumstances. We have no desire to speak ill of the dead, or even to quarrel with the living over a grave. Not only is the compound householder defunct beyond the possibility of resuscitation, but the attempt to provide a substitute for him by Mr. Poulett Scrope's amendment has proved a signal failure. There was some plausibility in the proposition to exempt all houses of a smaller rental than £4 a year from the payment of rates; but its disadvantages greatly preponderated over its advantages. In a political point of view it was open to the objection that it tended to restrict the largeness of the franchise which had previously been granted by the Bill, and that it revived in another form that "hard and sharp line" of which it has been the main work of the session to get rid. Regarded economically, it was unsound, inasmuch as the exemption of one class of ratepayers necessarily tends to throw increased burthens on the rest; and although the principle of our law has always been that persons unable to pay their rates shall be excused, it is impossible, as Mr. Henley very justly remarked, to say that because a person lives in a house five shillings above or five shillings below £4, he can or cannot bear his share of the local burdens. There was, moreover, some reason to believe that it would tend to deteriorate the dwellings of the humbler classes, by holding out to landlords an inducement to build houses cheaply and badly, in order to reduce them below £4 rental. No doubt, however, the consideration which principally weighed with the House was a conviction that, whatever might have been the merits of the proposition had it been brought forward while the compound householder was still in existence, it is now too late to impose limitations upon the rated household suffrage at which we have at last arrived. To place this, as the borough franchise, beyond the reach of further attack, has been the great work of the week; but that is by no means all that has been accomplished. The county franchise has been extended, both by reducing the copyhold qualification from an annual value of £10 to one of £5, and by substituting £12 for the £15 proposed in the Government Bill as the occupation suffrage. The latter arrangement was arrived at by a compromise to which both Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright gave a somewhat reluctant

assent, as they were both of opinion that it would have been far better to reduce the qualification to £10, and thus to have somewhat lessened the discrepancy between the county and borough occupation franchises. We cannot help thinking that this view was correct; but it was hardly worth while to raise a serious contest about the comparatively trivial difference of £2, especially as there is no reason to doubt that under the suffrage as now settled there will be in most counties such an infusion of independent voters into the county constituencies as will suffice to counterbalance the classes directly subject to landlord influence. It is probable that the result of the change will equally disappoint the hopes and the fears which it excites in different quarters. Where there are large towns whose suburban population will come upon the county register, the influence of the territorial class will undoubtedly be seriously diminished; but in other cases the new voters will probably share the feelings and prejudices of the society of which they form part, and will be as much inclined as the existing electors to choose their representatives from the landed proprietors of the district. To complete the summary of the progress we have made during the week, it is only necessary to add that the fancy fanchises have one and all come to a most ignominious end. They were not even honoured with any serious debate, and they were surrendered by the Government in a manner which renders it doubtful whether Mr. Disraeli had ever any serious intention to maintain them. With them fell the last of the "securities" by which the Government professed at the commencement of the session to protect us against the perils of an extension of the suffrage in a vertical direction. "Lateral reform" has now shared the fate of the dual vote; and a Conservative Government has at last brought us face to face with household suffrage pure and simple, extended by the lodger franchise.

This is not a result with which any true Liberal will be dissatisfied. But it is rather too much to be asked to give Mr. Disraeli the credit of it, and to believe that this is what the Tories were driving at all along. Mr. Disraeli's audacity has long been unquestionable; but we scarcely expected, even from him, the bold assertion that there has been no change since last session in the opinions and the action of his party. Although he may affect to forget, every one else can recollect the manner in which the Conservatives received Mr. Lowe's denunciations of any Reform at all. Although the right hon. gentleman now pretends that he and his friends opposed Mr. Gladstone's Bill because it was "imperfect in its conception, crude in its details, and uncertain in its results," those who are not troubled with the shortest of memories can remember that it was far more strenuously opposed because it tended to upset the existing balance of classes and to swamp the present constituencies. No one ever heard a hint in 1866 that household suffrage was the object of the secret attachment of the Conservative party. Their arguments and their overt action were directed to restricting and narrowing the £7 franchise proposed by the late administration. So far from looking forward to household suffrage as the solution of all difficulties which then harassed their minds, they pointed it out as the abyss into which we were about to be hurried under the guidance of Mr. Gladstone. They allege now that what they were afraid of was not household suffrage, such as we shall now have, but household suffrage altogether discharged of the condition of rating. But why did

they not tell us so before? Why did they drop no hint of the kind when they voted for Lord Dunkellin's amendment, substituting "rating" for "rental"? If they had then come forward, and said that what they wanted was not to substitute a £7 rating for a £7 rental franchise, but to settle the suffrage on the basis proposed by Mr. Bright in 1858, they certainly might have had their way, and the country might have been spared a year's agitation. Nay, if at the beginning of the present session the Government had introduced their Bill in the form which it has since assumed, does any one suppose that the House of Commons would now be in Committee upon it on the 1st day of June? The protracted debates which have occupied Parliament since the original resolutions were proposed and withdrawn, and since the Ten Minutes' Bill perished still-born on the very night it was introduced, have been entirely occasioned by the fact that the Liberals have been obliged to fight inch by inch for the removal of restrictions upon which Lord Stanley and Sir Stafford Northcote expressly rested their contention that the measure was not one for the establishment of household suffrage pure and simple. In the first instance, the Bill was presented to the country as a nicely-balanced piece of legislation. On the one side were the democratic provisions; on the other were those intended to keep out the lowest section of voters, and to give increased power, by "lateral extension," to the middle and higher classes. But while the former have been amplified, extended, and unfettered, the latter have been simply struck out. To call this the same Bill as that which was originally introduced, is exactly equivalent to an assertion on the part of a merchant that an account is unchanged by erasing all the items on the debit side while leaving those on the credit side standing. The case, not merely against the Conservatives generally, but against Mr. Disraeli personally, is very much strengthened if, instead of confining ourselves to a comparison between their policy of this year and their policy of last year, we go back a single twelvemonth. In 1865 (to borrow a quotation from the spirited and effective reply with which Mr. Gladstone met the monstrous assertion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer), Mr. Disraeli declared it to be his opinion that "the principle upon which the constituencies of the country should be increased is one, not of radical, but I would say of lateral reform—the extension of the franchise, not its degradation;" and after stating that, under great pressure from adverse circumstances, Lord Derby's Government in 1859 was willing to consent to some modification of the £10 franchise, he wound up by the declaration that, "I confess my present opinion is opposed, as it originally was, to any course of the kind." Now, under the present Bill, the borough franchise will be simply the £10 rating suffrage of the Reform Bill, with the figure 10 not changed or lowered, but struck out. And yet we are told that Mr. Disraeli has not altered his opinions! We have heard of a statesman who caught the Whigs bathing, and stole their clothes. The difference between Sir R. Peel and his successor seems to be that while the former appropriated the restricted garments of the Whigs, the latter has "annexed" the more flowing and ample "robes" of the Radicals. In point of consistency, dignity, and honesty, most people will be of the opinion that the advantage is on the side of Sir R. Peel. When he changed his mind, he avowed it, and he moreover said frankly how far he meant to go. He did not introduce Free Trade as a modified form of Protection; he did not induce his followers to vote for it under the impression that as much would be given to the landlords in one direction as would be taken away in another; nor did he, after puzzling, mystifying, and confounding them by a series of complicated manœuvres, which reduced them to a sense of helpless disorganization, quietly accept from Mr. Cobden the pure and simple abolition of the duty on corn, and then pretend that it was the very thing he had desired, even at the time he was most strenuously advocating the sliding scale. By the course which he pursued he sacrificed office, but he preserved his honour, and associated his name in the grateful remembrance of his country with the great measure which he was the instrument of passing. By adopting a contrary line of action, Mr. Disraeli has preserved office, but has made shipwreck of his political honour, and we do not believe that posterity will be so foolish as to bestow its gratitude upon a statesman whose highest merit it is to have obeyed a pressure which he was powerless to resist.

THE REPRIEVE OF BURKE.

It is more than probable that capital punishment for political crimes is now and for ever abolished in England. If this relic

of despotic barbarity be indeed obliterated from our penal code, we shall owe the removal of it to a frank and generous expression of popular feeling. Lord Derby, in the rather ungracious announcement made to the House of Lords, on Monday last, plainly intimated that the granting of the reprieve of Burke was due to the gentle pressure of public opinion, and sought to apologize for the tardiness of the concession by an unnecessary recapitulation of Burke's offences, and a sketch of the horrors which might have ensued had the rebellion been successful. We do not consider that any special and personal sympathy for Burke was the occasion of this general desire throughout the country that Royal clemency should prevent his execution. Few out of Ireland are now able to recall the somewhat laboured heroism of the speech which he delivered at his trial; while the particular part he played in the insurrection is probably, by most people, vaguely remembered or wholly forgotten. But it was felt that the putting to death of a man whose chief crime was Quixotism, was a gross anachronism, which should not exist in a civilized country. Capital punishment for treason has specific claims upon our censure. It was, doubtless, instituted as a sort of fancy punishment, which might deter discontents from throwing their seditious broodings into tangible form; but it is a notorious fact that the kindest thing you can do an unsuccessful traitor, who has any wish to be a hero, is to hang him. The man who incites an oppressed people to revolt, and leads them into war, makes up his mind to win the hero's crown of success, or the martyr's crown of glory. Victory or death is his motto; but victory, with the alternative of twenty years' penal servitude, is a much less enticing affair. "The punishment of death," said Mr. Mill, who formed one of the deputation which waited upon Lord Derby," is not the most severe punishment, but it is the punishment which excites most sympathy." We are glad, therefore, that at the last moment, the Government saw fit to reprieve this unfortunate Fenian, and so avoided a still further increase of that antagonism to England which unhappily pre-

vails among the Irish people. In connection with this subject, however, it is rather curious to observe certain expressions of political belief which have been evoked by it. Two days before the commutation of Burke's sentence was decided upon, the Pall Mall Gazette published an article on the Fenian convicts. We may put aside the false and jarring tone of the article-an affectation of superiority which is not too proud to recline upon philosophical fallacies -and look at the arguments by which the writer seeks to prove, in an appeal to some vague and to us incomprehensible theory of utilitarianism, that a rebel is as great a criminal as a cut-throat, and ought to be punished accordingly. He begins by tracing to its origin the "notion that morally it is no crime to attack an established Government by armed force." "It is the direct product," he says, in rather dubious English, " of the sentimental theory of morality, and is distinctly opposed to the more rational or utilitarian view of it." That the utilitarian, or "more rational," view of morality should hold the attacking of an established Government by an armed force to be a crime, will be a new doctrine to many utilitarians; considering that utilitarianism, according to Bentham, is the securing of the greatest happiness of the greatest number, and that the history of the world abounds with instances of the greater number being cruelly oppressed and down-trodden by the smaller number. Nor does it even follow that the domination of the larger or stronger party secures the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Would the "more rational" view of morality declare that the Hungarians who fought with Bem in 1849 against the established Government of Austria were individually criminals worthy of the gallows? Even upon the bare groundwork of utilitarianism, defined by Sir William Hamilton to be the preference of the useful to the useless, is the Hungarian insurrection indefensible? Has it not, as a definite product, produced the liberty of a kingdom which will in all likelihood become the foundation of the liberties of an empire? "If you accept the sentimental view of morals, it follows that nothing can properly be regarded as very wicked which is likely to be done by an amiable man in a frame of mind with which it is possible for other amiable persons to sympathize." It certainly does follow; and what then? Do not those miserable imbeciles who are the victims of the sentimental theory, and those philosophers who have invented a new system of ethics founded upon occult theories of utilitarianism, alike know that there are many things not very wicked which are punishable by law, and that, conversely, there are many things very wicked which the law ignores? Suppose that a man has an only daughter of whom he is passionately fond, and that another man breaks into his house by night and outrages the daughter. If the father of the girl overtake and kill this man,

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less vag between who she much absurd. not aga country individu victims reach i say tha gallows to agre but we too se might o well as instruct sentime excellen and ger feeling; we cate the floa form of thieves and pat rebellion a possib is defini had the straight there n adheren a consta yield to said "B the Eng upon th the cour reprieve was ridi cessfulpolitical of the n by a pre Irish ins intrigue so to mi country portion throw of the polit Ireland

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he will be severely punishable by law; and yet many amiable persons would not only sympathize with the act of manslaughter, but with the mood in which the father acted.

When the writer in the Pall Mall Gazette proceeds to apply his limp philosophy to the subject he has in hand he becomes less vague but all the more unsatisfactory. He draws a parallel between the case of the Fenian convicts and the case of a man who should cut a woman's throat because he loved her very much and somebody else loved her also. The parallel is absurd. The misdirected efforts of the Fenians were levelled not against the Ireland whom they loved, but against a country which was supposed to be oppressing her; and the individual Irishmen killed in the struggle were the unfortunate victims of an attempt which was happily never allowed to reach its proper aim. Our utilitarian philosopher proceeds to say that the qualities which so nearly brought Burke to the gallows were want of balance and good sense. We are willing to agree with him when he says that these are moral defects; but we cannot the less help thinking that the scaffold is too severe a punishment for moral imperfections, which might exhibit themselves in sophistical leading articles as well as in rebellion. "Thieves and cheats," continues our instructor, who has such a beautiful contempt for "the floating sentiment of the day," "have often many amiable and even excellent qualities about them. They have plenty of kindness and generosity, and often a good deal of sincere devotional feeling; but nevertheless we punish and censure them when we catch them; and we must do the same with rebels." But the floating sentiment of the day, somehow or other, takes the form of a belief that the Fenians are not to be classed with thieves and cheats, that many of them are disinterested, moral, and patriotic men, whose mistake was that they engaged in a rebellion without having the justification of seeing before them a possibility of success. That mistake, as we willingly grant, is definitely punishable by law; and Government undoubtedly had the legal right, if it wished to exercise it, of hanging straightway both Burke and his companions. But fortunately there never was a Government yet which acted upon a rigid adherence to any philosophical theory. Government exists by a constant series of compromises, in which abstract principles yield to the inexorable logic of facts. English law certainly said "Burke ought to be hanged;" the floating sentiment of the English people said "Burke is not a great criminal;" and upon these grounds of expediency, which must and do regulate the course of all governing bodies, the condemned Fenian was reprieved. The recent Irish rebellion was wrong, because it was ridiculous-because it never had a chance of being successful-because it was the origin of deplorable loss of life, political disturbance, and consequent injury to the well-being of the nation, without a hope of these evils being overbalanced by a preponderating good result. The best means to give an Irish insurrection the right to exist is to elevate a few wretched intriguers into the position of national martyrs, and thereafter so to misgovern (in the interest of the greatest number) the country that not only the entire Irish people, but a large portion of their English brethren will welcome any effort to throw off an intolerable yoke. There are symptoms, however, in the political horizon of a greater desire among our legislators to do Ireland justice, and so remove an ugly stain from the reputation of our country-a project which we earnestly hope will be accomplished, pharisaic blindness and philosophic dilettanteism notwithstanding.

MR. ROEBUCK "PLAYING TO THE PIT."

THE extraordinary performance of Mr. Roebuck in the House of Commons on Friday week was admirably characterized by Mr. Osborne as "playing to the pit." "He has," said Mr. Osborne, speaking of the hon. member for Sheffield, "turned his back upon every principle of his youth, like the old Liberal actor who, having lost the applause of the upper gallery, is now playing to the pit of the Treasury Benches." Mr. Roebuck's vagaries are not of late attracting so much notice as the hon. gentleman would probably desire. His repute for a certain barking kind of rhetoric was beginning to fade from people's minds. But on Friday he made a desperate attempt to retrieve himself. He yelped, snapped, and showed his teeth in the old fashion. His attack on Mr. Maguire was evidently done to prove that his favourite trick of jumping down his own throat two or three times in the course of the evening was not yet forgotten by him. He seems to have read the last series of Mr. Tupper in order to rest his speech upon a principle. "A weak man may ask a question," writes the great Solomon of our day, "which it shall puzzle a wise man to answer." Mr. Roebuck asked a dozen

questions, but he answered them himself. It was a part of his entertainment to do this. It was a serious part, too. "I want," asked Mr. Roebuck, when some miserable scoffer ventured a little merriment at hearing Mr. Roebuck,-"I want to know where is that man's mind who laughs? It must be a prostrated, disturbed, perverted mind." The awful sentence pronounced on the unhappy member had not, however, the conclusive effect which Mr. Roebuck expected; for after the denunciation there was a general laugh at him again. But we believe he possesses a good deal of undeveloped comedy, and that his assumption of seriousness is only to impart a zest and a flavour to his intense conception of farce. In no other manner can we understand how he could run riot as he did, smashing facts and truisms like theatrical crockery. Mr. Maguire reviewed the conduct of the Government touching the Fenians, and showed that the Executive might have prevented the conspiracy from going so far as it did by using the information of the spies a little earlier. He demonstrated this by referring to the evidence of Corydon and Massey; and he continued by stating that Ireland was neither prosperous nor contented, that a "national hæmorrhage" was going on which must cause a national death, and that the condition of things altogether was worthy of our most serious attention and thought. Now, we believe that Mr. Maguire said nothing very new or nothing very bold. We have been hearing the same story over and over again until we are nearly sick of it, and it would have been shelved long since by the House if the case of Ireland had not been recently made a political case of conscience which it was impossible to shirk or to leave unsettled. We thought that there was no second opinion on the point, but we had forgotten Mr. Roebuck. To be sure, even if we had remembered him, we might for a moment have considered that his notions would have been identical with the views of those who are interested for the amelioration of Ireland, but Mr. Osborne reads him more correctly. Mr. Roebuck only cares to cut a figure and a caper, to assume an attitude which even for a short minute will bring a round of applause from his audience. It is evident from the wild fury of his abuse, that abuse is the main object for which he gets on his legs, and that having discharged his duty to himself by venting as much of it as the Speaker and the patience of the House will allow, he resumes his seat with a certain consciousness of having done something to be proud of. The license in which honourable gentlemen indulge when addressing each other is excessive, but Mr. Roebuck is privileged. When Mr. Whalley foams about the Jesuits, the House listens with an air of amused compassion; when Mr. Roebuck talks of "gigantic falsehoods" and "foul calumny," the House respects a kind of rage for scurrility with which the member for Sheffield is afflicted, and waits until the fit is over. But we have reason to complain of this indulgence. There are subjects upon which Mr. Roebuck might be permitted to tumble, and there are subjects much too grave and too important to be made the grounds of his display. At this moment we must treat Ireland seriously, tenderly, wisely, and firmly. The people read the reports of speeches which concern them, and it is due to us as well as to them at such a crisis that no mere eccentricity of demeanour is to be accepted as typical of the feelings of any considerable party towards them. We have a task before us requiring all our energies, all our patience, and all our judgment. It is too late in the day to have a repetition of those stock sarcasms on Irish troubles which were in fashion some years ago, and for which we are now obliged to pay the penalty. If we retrograde upon the principle of the policy which at last we seem willing to adopt, we must inevitably find ourselves again resorting to flying columns, informers, and threats of the hangman, in order to preserve peace in a country lying, so to speak, at our very doors. We cannot afford to encourage Mr. Roebuck at such a rate, and therefore the sooner that gentleman resigns his new post of being the resurrectionist of dead theories and false doctrines the better. He can fly at some other game. Let him look abroad, as Mr. Darby Griffith has lately done-let him tackle with ritualism when a chance arises-let him watch for small jobs, and bring forward small bills, but let him keep clear of what he deliberately and determinedly has resolved (judging by his conduct) to vex, to scandalize, and to disturb. There are but few men in the House who understand Irish questions, and it is ridiculous to have the member for Sheffield tearing at a member for a large Irish constituency, literally tearing at him with epithets, inuendos, and charges which read like so many snarls, while the former is merely endeavouring to represent a state of things in the description of which he is confirmed by almost every intelligent person. Therefore it should be clearly understood that Mr. Roebuck is nobody, and represents no one. His talents are eaten up by his temper, his temper is nourished

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The been in by Mr. with th Hindost Lord C which I and wh officials the alleg treaty o assume Rajah, ourselve Moham where p we woul the con have po this mat in the f It is th at any action in the who is to ta liberal we pref bravely self-gove subject t magnilo talked, a our gove and tole both Sir it is dist singular rough-ar to the officialis is it su governed native, r the mos there is Mohamn themselv desire th Northcot recognisi a sound intrustin

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still more by a cormorant desire for notoriety. The people of Ireland, when they hear of such a man deriding their complaints and grievances, must be told what his measure and standard is. They must be told that he has been dyspeptic in his oratory all his life, and that his nature is to turn again, and wheel again, and jump like the famous hero of an old nigger song. In 1852 he was all Ireland for the Irish; in 1867 he vilifies the Irish as if he never had but one opinion of them, and that the worst one that could be conceived. Mr. Osborne was right in asserting that the Establishment was never more in danger than when threatened with the advocacy of the member for Sheffield. So warped and crooked are his political ways, that when we find him pointing to a path as right we may take it for granted that the opposite direction is the course to pursue. He could scarcely be right even if he would. His habit of contradiction would prevent him. There is a state of mental disturbance, obliquity, and confusion which causes the person suffering from it to act contrary to his own conviction, though perhaps he recognises the conviction as rational and his decision upon it as insane. Such an obstinacy would seem to possess Mr. Roebuck. Seriously we do not believe that he thinks, either in his heart or in his head, that Ireland wants nothing, and that we owe no duty towards her; but "constitutionally," he is driven to rant a silly invective in order to give pungency to his unfortunate notion of eloquence. It ought to cure him to learn that he is impotent for good or evil when he crows from such a platform. Mr. Bright almost told him that he was a fool. The information was conveyed in a neat apologue, but, with the wrappings taken off, that was what it came to. Now we should be sorry to regard a lawyer in such a light, but Mr. Roebuck has done his best to win a simpletonian reputation. If he only proceeds farther his wear must be motley and his coat must be of many colours. He may shake bells with Mr. Whalley, and ring innocent warnings with that gentleman over the decay of Orangeism, and upon the blessings of our admirable system in Ireland. But we hope for better things from him. There is in eccentricity a method, and in oddity a rule; and Mr. Roebuck will probably in the next Irish debate recalcitrate once more. Meanwhile Mr. Roebuck in his present stage must not in Ireland be understood as possessing influence or weight proportionate to his "hardihood of contradiction," and his other original and native qualities. He has "played to the pit," and may on a future occasion appeal to the whole House in an apparently more general and a more generous spirit; but, whatever be his mood, it should not be forgotten that it is the result of whimsical bad humours, and that no one need feel obliged or indebted to him for his conversion.

THE MYSORE SUCCESSION.

On the 24th ult., the House of Commons spent some four hours in an important debate, which merited more attention, than, coming at the close of the Parliamentary week, it could immediately receive. The position of the kingdom of Mysore has been already discussed at length in the columns of this journal; and the speeches of Friday week, exhaustive and able as they were, have not made any change in the principles, which, after mature consideration, we have adopted and advocated. Those principles, indeed, have now been distinctly ratified by the responsible Ministers of the Crown, and we have no doubt will guide for the future the course of our Indian policy. The case of the annexationist party broke down so signally in the recent debate that it is improbable the Dalhousian theory of government and aggrandisement by chicane will ever again hold up its head in the British Parliament. For the inauguration of a sound Indian policy we have to thank the Tories. Lord Halifax was wedded to the old traditions of the evil time before the mutiny. With Lord Cranborne, a change was felt at the India Office. To him we owe the direct and vigorous decision in favour of the Maharajah of Mysore with respect to the right of adoption; but this excellent concession was clogged with a needless and irritating declaration against the dynastic, and for the personal, character of the treaty which governs our relations with the Mysore raj. Sir Stafford Northcote, adhering to his predecessor's practical action, withdrew from his exposition of principles. In a despatch to the Governor-General in Council, the new Indian Secretary expressed himself in favour of the dynastic nature of the treaty, and put on record, in the strongest terms, his approval of the maintenance of the Native States throughout our Indian Empire. This course, being directly opposed to the

views of the past and present generations of Indian officials, to the avowed opinions of Lord Dalhousie, Lord Canning, and Sir John Lawrence, has met with some bitter opposition. The Council of India have given individually their opinions of Sir Stafford Northcote's policy in very strongly-worded minutes. Sir Frederick Currie, alone, is thoroughly at one with the Secretary of State. Ten out of the other thirteen are against him. Sir James Hogg, Sir Erskine Perry, and Mr. Prinsep, to whom Lord William Bentinck's assumption of the Mysore administration in 1831 was due, have expressed themselves in very strong and unwarrantable language with regard to the despatch. In the House of Commons, Lord William Hay endeavoured to prove from the original drafts of the Mysore Treaties preserved in the British Museum the personal nature of our arrangement with the Rajah. His contention was supported by Mr. Laing and Mr. Danby Seymour, and received a more moderate approval from Mr. Stansfeld and Lord Cranborne. With his arguments, several members who are well known for their intimate acquaintance with Indian affairs proceeded to deal. Sir Henry Rawlinson, Sir E. Colebrooke, Mr. Smollett, and Colonel Sykes, put the case of the Maharajah's claim in a very clear light; and Sir Stafford Northcote, in summing up the result of the debate, laid down principles which are destined, we conceive, to be most fruitful in their To draw attention distinctly to the issues involved in the

debate, it will be necessary to recapitulate a few of the leading

influence on the future of India.

facts with respect to the Mysore kingdom. The broad outlines of the story will be fresh in the recollection of every one who has taken the least interest in Indian politics. The Hindoo dynasty which ruled that rich province was represented about the middle of the last century by a prince named Nunjeraj. who, unluckily for himself, took into his service a Mohammedan adventurer, Hyder Ali. This able soldier and statesman soon succeeded in undermining his master's power and becoming to him what the Mayors of the Palace were to the Merovingian kings, the Tycoons of Japan to the Mikados, or, as Colonel Sykes has observed, the Peishwa to the Rajah of Sattara. Hyder Ali's struggles with the English were continued by his son, Tippoo Sahib, who, after years of doubtful contest, fell fighting at the head of his body-guard in the breach which the British artillery had made in the famous city of Seringapatam. With the capture of Tippoo's capital and his fall, his family became pensioners of the English Government, and the conquered kingdom remained to be disposed of. The British and their ally, the Nizam, had in the first place a claim to be compensated for the cost and toil of the conquest. A partition treaty was signed, by which one part of the territory which Tippoo had governed was assigned to the former party, another to the Nizam, while a third was left to form an independent State. The heir of Nunjeraj—at that time a child of four years old-was taken to fill the Musnud, which was his by right of birth and succession. Between him and the English a subsidiary treaty was signed, the interpretation of which has given rise to the present discussion. A subsidy was guaranteed by the Rajah to his protectors, in return for defence from invasion; and a right of entry, and temporary administration in case of mal-administration on the part of the Native Government, were reserved for the paramount Power. That the framers of the treaty designed to found a Native State was evident from their reviving the dormant right of the infant Rajah at a time when annexation would have been so easy and so excusable a course; and on this hypothesis we must assume that they did not mean to limit the power of the young ruler to his own person. "For what," it has been acutely asked, "would have been the use of creating a kingdom with all the elaborate machinery of a monarchy, and of inaugurating it with all the pomp and circumstance of a great international arrangement, at the close of an important war, if it were intended to lapse at the end of one life?" Be that as it may, our conduct towards this creation of our conquering power was inexcusable. We allowed him from infancy to grow up without education or restraint, to sink into a degraded debauchee, governed by women and intriguing courtiers. Then, when we saw Mysore reduced to the anarchy for which we were certainly to some extent responsible, inasmuch as we had taken no steps to prevent it, we intervened in 1831, with hypocritical expressions of indignation towards the unhappy Rajah. We assumed the administration of the raj, and have since governed it by a Chief Commissioner. Under Sir Mark Cubbon the country prospered, and the native element was not wholly excluded from the public service. But gradually a change has been wrought, and now, we believe, Mysore is officered by a bureaucracy as purely European as that which administers Bengal. Lord

William Bentinck, who is said to have regretted his action towards Mysore alone among his official acts, was guided in the matter by the advice of Mr. Prinsep, who now, with perfect consistency, comes forward to attack Sir Stafford Northcote's liberal views and to cast unwarrantable imputations on the conduct of Sir Henry Rawlinson and his supporters in the House of Commons.

The decision of the Secretary of State, ratified as it has been in Parliament, and received with qualified approval even by Mr. Stansfeld and Lord Cranborne, will carry much weight with the native states and native populations throughout Hindostan. It will be there regarded as a confirmation of Lord Canning's proclamation of the 1st of November, 1858, which produced so excellent an effect on Indian public feeling, and which, in spite of many too obvious efforts since made by officials to undermine it, is still the surest tie we have upon the allegiance of India. If even the legal interpretation of the treaty of 1799 had given the English Government a right to assume the powers of sovereignty on the decease of the present Rajah, an old man of seventy-four, we should have exposed ourselves to injurious comment on the part of Hindoos and Mohammedans by exacting so rigidly our strict legal claim, where public sympathy was against us, and with those whom we would have dispossessed. But, as a simple matter of policy, the considerations which Sir Stafford Northcote and others have pointed out, would show how necessary it is for us in this matter to accede to the petition of the Maharajah. For, in the first place, the case of Mysore is but one among many. It is the type of a number of native communities which may at any period be treated according to the precedent which our action in this case will establish. Are we willing, then, that the whole of India should see and acknowledge that our policy is to take advantage of every loophole to escape from the liberal principles of Lord Canning's proclamation? Or do we prefer that the inhabitants of Hindostan should see us bravely and sincerely undertaking the task of regenerating the self-governing energies of the great communities that are subject to our sway? Mr. Laing and others have talked in a magniloquent strain of the blessings of British rule, as Hastings talked, and Auckland, and Dalhousie. We do not deny that our government in India has been in the main well-intentioned and tolerably just; but we cannot disguise the fact, to which both Sir Stafford Northcote and Lord Cranborne alluded, that it is distasteful to the native mind. It may seem to argue a singular liking for anarchy that Hindoos should prefer the rough-and-ready administration of Hyderabad or Travancore to the slower and often more blundering work of English officialism; but such is in truth the state of the case. Nor is it surprising, when we recollect that in the Englishgoverned provinces no public career is open to the intelligent native, no office above that of a petty registrar accessible to the most industrious. In the Native States, on the contrary, there is a field for the administrative talent of Hindoo and Mohammedan gentlemen, of which they are quick to avail themselves. To extend this field should be our object, if we desire the stability of our rule in India; and Sir Stafford Northcote has taken the first step in the right direction by recognising the heir to the Mysore Musnud, by promising him a sound education and practical training, with a view to intrusting him at some future day with those powers of Government for which the late ruler unhappily proved himself incapable, and of which he was dispossessed.

THE DECLINE OF BRITISH SKILL.

WHEN in 1851 we set the example of those international competitions for the palm of excellence in works of art and industry, of which we have now an example in Paris, the last thing we could have feared was that the day would come when England would be beaten in a department which she had deemed especially her own. Other nations might display æsthetic qualities superior to ours, but none could turn out manufactures superior. On that ground Eugland was facile princeps, and had no occasion to dread the appearance of a rival, at least in the old world. The position of feeling oneself far removed above the fear of rivalry may be pleasant, but it is dangerous. We are apt to go to sleep on our laurels, and to find them stolen from us when we wake. That is said to be our position now. For some months we have been told that owing to the numerous strikes large branches of industry have been leaving the country, and that we have been importing manufactures where we once exported them. It is quite true that this turning of the tables has been going on to some extent, and it was natural that the trades' unions should

be blamed for it-possibly not without some justification; but they are responsible only in a minor degree. Another cause has been at work. France, Prussia, Austria, Belgiam, and Switzerland have been pressing onwards in the race with an energy we have not shown. We have played the part of the hare, and we are beaten by the tortoise. After the last distribution of prizes at the London University, Earl Granville spoke of the lessons which the war in Bohemia and the Paris Exhibition have taught us, and of the obligation under which we lie to make better use of our talent, unless we would let other nations outstrip us in the lessons of peace and war. He quoted the President of the Civil Engineers in proof of the superior progress in machinery which has been made by foreigners. He declared on good authority that greater improvements had been made in the manufacture of iron in France, Belgium, Germany, and Austria, than in England; and he assumed upon general report the fact that, except in the manufacture of furniture, glass, and china, we have made little advance in most departments of industry. It is not pleasant to hear this. But pleasant or not, we must face it; and we must understand that its main cause is the want in England of generally diffused scientific instruction, a fact to which the Prince Consort was alive, and to which we owe it that we cut so poor a figure in the Paris Exhibition in those very departments in which we once thought ourselves without a

Earl Granville has unhappily found his statements confirmed by Dr. Lyon Playfair, who some fortnight ago came from Paris, where he had been acting as juror in one of the classes of the Exhibition. There he met many eminent men of different nationalities, whose acquaintance he made when he had the charge of the working of the juries in the Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862, and who, like himself, were acting on the juries of the present Exhibition. "I endeavoured," he writes, "to gather their opinions as to the position which England occupied in this great industrial competition, [and] I am sorry to say that, with very few exceptions, a singular accordance of opinion prevailed that our country had shown little inventiveness, and made but little progress in the peaceful arts of industry since 1862. Deficient representation in some of the industries might have accounted for this judgment against us; but when we find that out of ninety classes there are scarcely a dozen in which pre-eminence is unhesitatingly awarded to us, this plea must be abandoned." Mechanical and civil engineers, pointing to the wonderful advances which other nations are making, lamented the want of progress in their own industries. Chemical and even textile manufacturers uttered the same complaint. And, says Dr. Playfair, " so far as I could gather [their views] by conversation, the one cause upon which there was most unanimity of conviction is that France, Prussia, Austria, Belgium, and Switzerland possess good systems of industrial education for the masters and managers of factories and workshops, and that England possesses none. This is not a mere theoretical view. M. Dumas, the Senator and President of the Municipal Council, well known also as a savant, told Dr. Playfair "that technical education had given a great impulse to the industry of France." In this very Exhibition whenever anything excellent in French manufacture struck his attention, M. Dumas found upon inquiry that in the great majority of cases the manager of the establishment producing it, had been a pupil of the École Centrale des Arts et Manufactures. While we repeat all this, it is but right to remind our readers that it is what Dr. Playfair, in his book on "Industrial Education on the Continent," published in 1853, promised as an inevitable result of the attention given to it abroad, and its neglect in England. He then said that other nations must advance in industry at a much greater rate than England. Unconsciously the inclination of a prophet to find his prophecy fulfilled may somewhat influence his own opinion upon the rank our industries take in the Paris Exhibition. But Dr. Playfair cannot have misrepresented the opinions of others, and what he says is confirmed from so many independent quarters that we fear it is only too true.

On the other hand, British inventiveness does not lack champions, who declare that Dr. Playfair and Lord Granville's informants do their countrymen injustice. Who invented puddling? they ask. Who invented grooved rolls? Who first succeeded in substituting coal for charcoal? Who suggested the hot blast? Who introduced the process of casting steel? Have you forgotten Mr. Bessemer, whose invention dates from 1856, and is only now acquiring its full development? Have not mills been constructed in England which turn out sound armour-plates of such enormous dimensions as even in 1860 would have been considered impossible? Then it

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doubt the man who publishes a newspaper at that price does in some sense give hostages to fortune. He makes himself more or less prominent, and he addresses himself purely to an upper class, which is too much interested in the affairs of this world to be seditious, while it has far too much taste to be blasphemous. But so far as the material guarantee of capital is concerned, the sixpenny paper need not be much more solid than its cheaper rivals. When the compulsory stamp was abolished, we were told that there would be a mushroom growth of penny journalism, appearing in one dark court and disappearing in the next, always tottering on the verge of bankruptcy, and only saved by insignificance from the fatal plunge. We need hardly ask how these prophecies have been fulfilled. The result of the change has been eminently gratifying in a commercial sense, and there are penny papers of greater solidity than some of the old threepennies, more influential as regards public opinion, and. if more ready to libel, better able to stand the consequences of an action. As it is for these consequences that the old securities are meant to provide, it is evident that the commercial success of a paper is in itself a sufficient substitute. If there is no commercial success there is no danger of public opinion being influenced. And, although Mr. Milner Gibson talks of the protection of the morals of the country, it can hardly be thought necessary to take precautions against attacks which recoil on the heads of their authors. The act on which we are commenting declares that "pamphlets and printed papers containing observations upon public events and occurrences, tending to excite hatred and contempt of the Government and Constitution of these realms as by law established, and also vilifying our holy religion, have lately been published in great numbers and at very small prices, and it is expedient that the same should be restrained." But if these papers enjoy a large circulation, it is not likely that they would escape the watchful eye of the Home Office. Are we to suppose that their profits would be so small as to render prosecution futile or inexpedient? If so, the unselfishness of their proprietors might fitly be rewarded with martyrdom. But whatever may have been the prevailing opinion in the time of George the Third and Lord Castlereagh, few would be found at the present time either to court martyrdom or to indulge in sedition for its own sake. Cavour's saying that he had conspired for twenty years, was misunderstood in Italy, and was commented on with severity by some of those Tories who would have all men content with their existing form of government, and merely allow for changes in the personnel. Yet Cavour, in England, would not have been blamed, except perhaps for the frankness of his avowal. Mr. Disraeli is not blamed even for that. It is unfortunate that he should have been young, should have had wild oats to sow, and should have sown some of them in the prolific field of "Hansard." But other men who were never young in that sense, and whose attempts at wild oats were nothing more than steriles avenæ, may also look upon crops of which the remembrance is grievous, and may be glad to abstain from invidious comparisons.

to measure men for their respectability or for their political

capacity. But the sixpence is a more vital test. That is the

hard and fast line, below which there can be no virtue. No

Still, it may be said that these safeguards are insufficient. It is all very well to relax our old precautions so far as concerns newspapers with a present sale, and writers with a future dignity. But if the Hornsey Hornet, or the Islington Insect, or the Camberwell Caterpillar excites hatred and contempt against the Government, or vilifies our holy religion, the suburbs may be pained and scandalized, and there may be no remedy against the proprietor. At the first threat of proceedings, he may bolt with his rates unpaid, and may not be heard of-till another quarter of the town has imbibed his poison. This prospect may be terrible to those suburbs which have recently indulged in halfpenny papers, but to us it is merely one of those vague threats which are so often used, and which mean so little. We were warned at the time when the Divorce Bill was going through the House that if it passed we should have cabmen committing licensed bigamy. The idea of Christianity being subverted at Hornsey is about on a par with that of Mormonism at the cab-stand. If our Government and our religion are so weak as this implies, the sooner we call in the French system of security the better. By all means let us attach the man in black to the Home Office, and hedge in public morality by communiqués and avertissements. Let us even invade the sacred sixpence, and make all authors of every kind enter into a bond never to write anything that can scandalize anybody. Some of our novelists might fairly be called upon not to break the-which commandment is it they break? If this security is required from newspapers in the name of

is argued that our great practical metallurgists have become wise by experience, and will not send specimens of their industry to the Great Exhibition because it does not "pay." If we are inferior to our neighbours in the Paris Exhibition, this is the cause. "In 1862," writes Mr. David S. Price, "Mr. Bessemer made a magnificent exhibition of what his process could effect. At Paris in 1867 he is content to let other men and many nations show how and with what success they have adopted his process." This fact is of great importance, and, as far as it goes, it shows that the Paris Exhibition furnishes an inadequate test of international excellence. The same remark applies, if Mr. Price's statement is correct, to aniline dyes. But the possible pre-eminence of British manufactures which have not been exhibited does not cancel the ascertained inferiority of those which have. Dr. Playfair is alive to the fact that in some respects British industry is defectively represented. But out of ninety classes where it is represented, our superiority is admitted scarcely in a dozen. Nay, even with regard to the manufacture of iron, a correspondent of the Times, who writes under the signature "Y.," admits that "in particular and subordinate departments we are, doubtless, excelled, and that, too, where dexterity of manipulation is largely concerned, as in the rolling of girders. But," he continues, "let the demand for such girders be increased, and we shall produce them, you may be assured." Is it not, however, improbable that the demand for these articles will be increased so long as our manufacturers allow foreign workshops to produce a better description of them? Everything must have a beginning. If foreigners beat us already in subordinate departments of the manufacture of iron, it may come to pass that they will beat us also in the higher departments. There can be no doubt that we should, at least, be on our guard against such a result. It becomes us therefore to make immediate inquiry into this subject, and to take steps to supply a deficience which not only threatens our honour, but, what in such matters is of more importance, our purse. We have regarded England as the world's workshop. There lay the power which gave her pre-eminence in so many other respects. But what if the progress of other nations in manufactures beats us out of the market? This is a matter for most serious consideration and for prompt action. Many of the boasted qualities of our people are as much the result of prosperity as of breed; and if the Paris Exhibition gives proof that we are likely to be outstripped in the race of industry, the sooner we set about getting to the front again the better.

NEWSPAPER SECURITIES.

THERE is great virtue in a sixpence. A paper published at a less price has much difficulty in resisting the temptations to blasphemy and sedition which always hover round the doors of writers and editors. Apparently this is the reason why the old law requiring newspaper proprietors to enter into a recognisance with two sureties for the payment of all fines and penalties adjudged against the paper for blasphemous and seditious libels, is declared by the Attorney-General to be a wise and just law, which ought to be maintained. But the anomaly in the law is, that any paper containing two sheets, or 714 square inches in size, and sold at the price of sixpence, is exempt from the security. "Let the blasphemer," said Canning, "but serew up his courage to print his opinions in a sheet which costs sixpence, and which is 714 inches square, and he may henceforth go free." It is considered that the eminent respectability of the public to which sixpenny papers appeal, must make a similar respectability imperative on its chosen organs. But if this be the case, the condition attaching to size is nugatory. None but wealthy people will pay sixpence for a paper which does not extend to 714 square inches. No one supposes that the Owl is likely to corrupt the morals of the lower orders. Indeed, the higher the price and the smaller the paper, the less would be the likelihood of its penetrating into any houses save those which are accustomed to luxuries. The classes against which it is our duty to legislate, which are to be encouraged to work, to be reclaimed from vice, and to be instructed in the principles of morality, are more likely to want their money's worth when they buy a paper. We grant that sixpence would generally exhaust their purses; but if a sixpence was to be raised for a literary purpose, it would be expended on the largest as well as the raciest production. Else, why does the Standard advertise that it is the largest paper in the world, and invent successful risings of Fenians on the very day when Burke's fate is trembling in the balance?

We may dismiss the question of the square inches as equivalent to the question of the number of cubic feet of air which were to entitle a lodger to vote. It seems hard in either case

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incensed ag the First F embroiling witnessed i child's play belief. Cer those the n for war. (and conceit military cla successful in

public morality, it ought to be extended to those whose effect on the public is indirectly almost greater. But the truth is that the requirement is a relic of days of distrust, and is not only useless in itself, but bad in the inequality it causes. One result of it is that newspapers selling for less than sixpence have to give security for all costs and damages recovered in actions for libel, while newspapers which sell for sixpence may trade on their good character. This, indeed, is only one of the anomalies produced by a measure which itself is an anomaly. It is the general tolerance of our form of government that makes occasional restrictions more severely felt. The difficulty of redressing what is a grievance to one side without inflicting a fresh grievance on the other side makes it the more necessary that the cause of the evil should be removed. It has been suggested that the inequality as to actions for libel should be removed by making plaintiffs in such actions give the same security. But the result of this would be to encourage suits against the sixpenny papers, which, as they give no security themselves, cannot claim any from the plaintiffs, and to make poor men complain that the law is made for the rich and powerful. It would be better to remodel the whole law of libel without waiting for the labours of the Digest Commission than to bring in another disturbing element in addition to the many which have been imported by the judges of one age and the legislators of another. But without any such sweeping reform, we can relieve the press of a disability which is at once obnoxious and useless, which is only enforced when the Board of Inland Revenue is reminded of its duties, and which is of such small significance that the Attorney-General did not know of its existence till he was made the subject of a similar reminder.

THE LEAGUE OF PEACE.

THE Exposition in the Champs de Mars, however it may realize in material grandeur the glowing anticipations of the French Emperor, has certainly failed to attain the moral prestige which distinguished the Crystal Palace of 1851. Few now see in these huge collections of arts and manufactures a hopeful guarantee of universal happiness and tranquillity; and even while the great Show at Paris is highest in the interest of novelty and reputation, rumours and menaces of war are rife enough to dismay the most sanguine and zealous of humanitarians. By a notable coincidence, however, a pacific movement is now making its way on the Continent which, inasmuch as it is based on less purely sentimental grounds, is likely to be more durable and strong than any similar tendency that has been manifested of late years. The International League of Peace, aiming, as it does, at the extinction of war and a general disarmament of nations, is not likely, for a time, to produce any immediately beneficial result; but much will be achieved if the industrial classes throughout Europe, who are daily becoming more and more the ultimate arbiters and depositaries of political power, can be brought to recognise principles which have long received the sanction of the soundest and most liberal thinkers in England, France, and Germany. The Peace Society of England-a body which, from peculiar circumstances, has not been eminently successful, but which has done in a quiet way an amount of good work that deserves all grateful recognition-at the fifty-first anniversary meeting, held on the 21st ult., brought forward some facts relative to the Continental movement which are highly interesting and instructive. The Rev. Henry Richard, secretary to the Society, has further illustrated the history of the agitation, its progress and its success, in a series of letters to a contemporary. In every point of view, the facts which he brings forward are most worthy of notice, and, however chimerical we may deem the hopes of the chief leaders of the "Ligue de la Paix," we are bound to pay some regard to the introduction of a new and, as it may prove, a most potent element into the complications of French political ideas.

It has been readily believed in England that for a year or more the mass of the French people have been profoundly incensed against Prussia, have revived the militant ardour of the First Empire, and have been with difficulty restrained from embroiling all Europe in a war to which any that we have witnessed in the present generation would be no more than child's play. Without doubt, there was much reason for this belief. Certain numerous and powerful classes in France, and those the most demonstrative and presumptuous, led the cry for war. Out-of-date politicians, like M. Thiers—disappointed and conceited politicians, like Emile de Girardin—with the military classes and the clerical champions of Austria, were too successful in rousing the least intelligent and the vainest part

of the proletariat to a bitter hatred of Germany. But these classes do not make up the French nation; otherwise than numerically, they are but the insignificant section of the nation. The two great classes in which the real strength of a people consists—the thinkers and the skilled artisans—were all but unanimous in favour of peace. That the first class should be so is not surprising, is indeed almost necessary in France, where, since the Revolution, theories of human brotherhood have exercised so wide a sway. The adhesion of the artisans to the cause is perhaps to be explained by that powerful leaven of Socialist views which has already wrought such strange mutations of opinion and developments of ideas in the French mind. Unfortunately, neither the thinkers nor the artisans have been specially favoured by the Imperial rule. Both are suspected as tainted with Republican views, and neither class has yet frankly accepted the Buonaparte dynasty. The Emperor, then, falling back upon other support, is likely to be less influenced than he otherwise might have been by the growth of a peace movement under his military monarchy; but we have no reason to believe him personally desirous of war. In the absence of any aggressive disposition on his part, we feel convinced that the bold and sincere action of the "Ligne de la Paix" must have a good effect upon public opinion in France and throughout Europe.

It was the collision of sentiment and prejudice, culminating in the dangerous crisis of the Luxembourg bargain and negotiations, which aroused the friends of peace in France to a vigorous course of action. Le Temps, which has always been a calm and moderate advocate of liberal and peaceful progress, and to which the pen of Louis Blanc has added deserved honour, became in the first instance the means of promulgating the views which have been formulated by the League. M. Nettzer, the editor of Le Temps, declined at first to pledge his paper to the opinions of the Peace party; but he published some very able letters from MM. Charles Dolphus, Gustave d'Eichthal, and Martier Paschond, in which the necessity of averting the great calamity of a European war about a paltry question of frontier was forcibly urged. Immediately, unexpectedly, and rapidly, there appeared strong symptoms that the feelings expressed in these letters were shared by a large section of the French people. M. Frédéric Passy, who has, we believe, been long connected with the Peace Society in this country, was the first to take the question out of the region of mere temporary palliatives, and to suggest the formation of a League for the discouragement and ultimate suppression of war. To his eloquent appeal, answers poured in from every part of the country. The Working Men's Associations adopted addresses in favour of the League. Commercial and even agricultural bodies gave their adhesion. Distinguished literary men, such as MM. Léonce de Lavergne and Charles Lemonnier, spoke out in decided language. The French Protestants, headed by MM. Coquerel and Paschond, were unanimous in their approval. Kindly declarations of sympathy were sent in day by day from Germany, from Belgium, and from England; the last coming not only from the Peace Society, but from eminent writers who hold Positivist views-Mr. G. H. Lewes, Mr. Frederick Harrison, Mr. Congreve, Dr. Bridges, Professor Beesley, and others. A still more important feature in the movement is the manifestation of a solidarité between the working classes of the western part of the European continent. The organ of the co-operative societies, La Cooperation, an able journal published at Brussels, is filled with addresses and answers that have passed between Associations of Artisans in France and Germany, all of which adopt without modification the entire creed of the "Ligue de The same exhibitions of unity of feeling and abnegation of national jealousies have taken place on the part of the students and professors in the universities, colleges, and professional schools on either bank of the Rhine. Indeed, one of the most encouraging signs in the whole movement has been the tendency of the younger generation in France-that which might be supposed especially subject to fits of war fever-to accept the principles of universal peace.

The first Conference of the League was held on April 23rd, in the splendid amphitheatre of the Ecole de Médecine, and has proved, we believe, a complete success. Le Temps, and the other journals throughout France and Belgium that have joined the League, publish almost daily very copious lists of the names of new supporters, and there are indications that an International Union will grow out of M. Frédéric Passy's idea. It is too soon, of course, to predict anything of an enterprise apparently so desperate as the extinction of war, especially when that enterprise originates among the most warlike people in the world. But we should guard ourselves from the easy triumph of enering at a sincere and a determined effort of a few honest men to

paralyze the pernicious influence of that passion for military glory which has done so much to retard the advance of Europe in the path of civilization and prosperity. We have little doubt that the numerical majority of the French nation is still, as in the days of Napoleon I., intoxicated with the splendour of the battle-field; but we are quite certain that the number and the influence of those who believe in the opposite doctrine-who regard war as an unholy and brutal thing, to be justified only by the most stringent necessity-are increasing, and will continue to increase. Anything with respect to which the brain and the hands of a people are at one must ultimately become the law for that people; and though neither the thinkers nor the workers in France are as yet unanimous in detestation of war, the current of opinion flows in that direction. The truest French Liberals believe that the "solidarity of peoples" was one of the most vital principles developed by the Great Revolution. Only those who, like M. Thiers, hang to the skirts of an effete Orleanism, a spurious constitutionalism which would ignore the people, still preach the maintenance of a balance of power by the sword. To the ignorant peasant, blinded by the glitter of arms and deluded by the fanaticism of priestly teachers as ignorant as himself, the dream of European domination which dazzled even the great Emperor, and led him to his ruin, may yet have vague and alluring charms; but the intelligent ouvrier of the great towns, who probably believes in Fourier, who no doubt has read Cabet and Louis Blanc and the Economists, knows as well as Mr. Cobden or Mr. Gladstone what war really is, and what it really does. He knows that war means to him harder fare and slacker work, with no unlikely prospect of starvation for his wife and children in the background. He will not readily accept this fate to serve the purposes of others—to prop a falling cause, or to cover marshals and generals with "glory."

MR. RUSKIN AT CAMBRIDGE.

What Mr. Ruskin has to say is always put picturesquely. It would be too much to say that it is always, or very nearly always, sound and convincing. Not that "sound" and "convincing" are synonymous in this connection, for Mr. Ruskin himself would be the first to remind us, with something of that mental feeling which finds its utterance with vulgar men in a chuckle, but in the prophet of the "Stones of Venice" in a pure and noble scorn, that he may very possibly be sound, while we are not in such an advanced state of receptivity as to allow him to be convincing. To copy one of his most favourite peculiarities, we might say that if he fails sometimes to convince, it is only that he can do no mighty work of conviction among us, because of our unbelief.

In a lecture recently delivered in the Senate House of the University of Cambridge, under the auspices and at the special invitation of the Vice-Chancellor and University, Mr. Ruskin spoke out his mind in the way in which he does speak out his mind now and then. In dealing with the great subject he had chosen, the Relation of National Ethics to National Art, his utterances were those rather of a prophet than of a logical lecturer. Bold and beautiful, he did not generally descend to argument. And his hearers accepted him at his own valuation, and cheered his most striking assertions with a readiness and vehemence which must have largely gladdened the heart of a man whose so-called visionary views have been-as he said—a scorn and a hissing to the world. If ever he might hope to win an audience by the repression of opinions as lofty in sentiment as they are unpractical when trial comes to be made of them in this workaday world, that hope would be high when he addressed a body of presumably generous and high-spirited young men, certainly untainted with any of that commercial prudence and mercantile caution which are as a poisoned atmosphere to such views as his. What the Cambridge Professor of Political Economy would have said in reply to some of Mr. Ruskin's remarks, had reply been allowed, it is not very easy to say; but, unless the science of political economy is much belied, its admirers would not take the same view that Mr. Ruskin does of the spirit which characterizes the commercial communities of Europe. What will best and most surely pay, in hard cash or some adequate equivalent, is that to which the principles of political economy would appear to turn the attention and the desires of all men; and the theory that the one great responsibility which the possession of money brings is the inherent necessity of making it produce more, compels men to overlook such trifling though troublesome details as sentiment and generosity, in the determined endeavour to get the most that can be got out of

every one and every thing. To introduce into commercial

transactions a large-hearted lovingness, to attempt to carry further than the church-door certain maxims which we need not specify, as Mr. Ruskin would do with great emphasis,-maxims which were no doubt intended in the first instance to rule the conduct of man to man, even in commercial relations, had the world but received something more readily the spirit as well as the letter in which they were delivered; to excuse a man a debt, to let him off a bad bargain, to give a flesh-and-blood machine an unwonted holiday, from any warmer motive than that of self-interest, that he may do the more work for the next few weeks; all manner of development of the kind heart in short-kind almost to weakness-is an irregular proceeding in commerce, sets a bad example, may establish a most unprofitable precedent. The amelioration of the condition of the working classes, now so much spoken of among employers of labour, may at first sight appear to be an object worthy of being classed with these irregular and weak Christianities; but it should be remembered that this movement can be recommended and defended on principles of pure political economy, taking equal rank with the effort to improve the producing power of machinery, and to lesson its liability to breakage or

Mr. Ruskin held ground exalted above the arena of commercial enterprise when he condemned the mercantile spirit of those who engage in such pursuits; when, for instance, he declared-and in declaring condemned those to whom his words applied-that wars are only undertaken now when there is a definite prospect of their being made to pay, or when to abstain from war would be equivalent to giving up so much definite property. But he went far beyond this. He took ground at a dizzy and breathless height when he suggested that this nation might after all propose to itself some higher object than the acquisition of wealth, even if that acquisition were pursued on less ignoble principles than those he attributes to the general run of its pursuers. The national business, the business of this race of ours, which we are pleased to consider the most active and powerful on the earth, is to dig iron for the world. Now why, Mr. Ruskin asks, should the most active and powerful race on the earth spend its days in digging iron for the rest of the world? Better far, he thinks, make some weaker race dig iron for us, and then give ourselves up to the cultivation of all the highest arts, as a dominant race, a race gifted with the choicest physical and intellectual powers, might well do. According to this view, we should all of us pass a comparatively contemplative life, writing and reading the best poetry and the best prose, painting and worshipping nothing but the purest pictures, banishing from our galleries-or cellars, as the case may be-all statuary that is not inspired. If we turned our attention to such a thing as making carpets and print dresses, it would be for no mean purpose of money making, but only to display to those who might be as yet imperfectly educated in art, the finest and most elevating productions of our looms. The tail coat would inevitably go at once, and we are not sure -if we may be permitted for one moment to be personal-that a blue neck-tie could be allowed. Good morals would speedily become as a nature to us, for there is a power of purifying about a really noble picture or statue that would act first as a disinfectant, and next as a cure. The passion for art would work in many more minds than now, and that passion banishes the lower and grosser passions. It has been called sensuous, but that is not the passion for true art but the passion for sensuous art. National ethics would rise with the rise of national art. To produce good works of art would be a necessity that could not fail to work out its fulfilment, and for the production of a good work of art it is necessary, Mr. Ruskin says, that the producer be a good man. Probably, if we gave a list of half a dozen painters and three or four musicians of whom the world says that they were great, but of whom the world cannot attempt to say that they were good, Mr. Ruskin would deny to the works of one and all the character of true art, for he holds the definition of that rare quality in his own hands. A nation thus maintaining itself at the highest possible pitch and perfection of art, getting its iron dug for it by some Helot race, and wrapped always in the easy and graceful garb of æsthetic sublimity, would be a spectacle and a witness to gods and men. The nation would be a nation, and Mr. Ruskin its prophet. What would become of a good many of our most boasted institutions it is difficult to predict; but we have shadowed forth to us one or two changes which are at first sight paradoxical, but on closer inspection prove to possess all the wonted value of a good paradox. Instead of grand and solemn cathedral music, we should have a plain service; and in place of establishing universal schools of art, we should close such as we now possess. The former change, a step apparently in a wrong direction, would be made in

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the interests of religion, interests which Mr. Ruskin would have to be never lost sight of, even among commercial men or irondigging Helots; and the reason why such change would further the interests of religion is this, namely, that those who attend a musical service for any other purpose than to adore are made daily less capable of adoration by the very beauty of what they hear. If they go for beauty, they are ensuared by the beauty. The schools of art would be closed because they begin exactly at the wrong end. Art is not furthered-real art-by teaching all the artisans and mechanics in the world to know a little smattering of the principles and practice of art, but by educating the artists themselves in the most careful manner. It is a mistake to give an artist's education to the populace. Mr. Ruskin would, instead, give a gentleman's education to the artist. Thus, instead of schools of art, we should have schools of the prophets-for we apprehend that in the Utopia of artworship and vicarious iron-digging, a series of artists will hold the place of the regular succession of prophets in the commonwealth of Israel.

To the heads and teachers of the University Mr. Ruskin had one word to say, which is pregnant with meaning when viewed in the light cast upon it by his previous remarks on the commercial ήθος of Europe. "Lead them not," he said, "into temptation, but deliver them from evil." This passes sentence upon the mania of the present age for tempting young men to acquire knowledge by making it pay. A man now will do just so much work as will probably procure him a sixty-pound scholarship. The love of study, the thirst for knowledge, is a mere sentiment, it is not classified in treatises on Economy; the amor nummi, the auri fames, is a much more tangible sort of thing, and can be worked with much more of precision. As a lever, it is incalculably superior, as things now are, to the other, which is uncertain, weak, and difficult of application. But still, however determinedly the course of things is going in favour of tempting young men throughout the kingdom and its dependencies to acquire knowledge for the purpose of sale in the best market, Mr. Ruskin is right when he appeals to the guardians of the Universities to do what they can to save the goddess of learning from pollution, and to turn away the young men committed to their charge from an unworthy mercantile pursuit of that which is in itself an exceeding great

THE PROGRESS OF GEOGRAPHY.

On Monday last, Sir Roderick Murchison delivered his annual address before the Royal Geographical Society, and reviewed the progress that has been made during the past year in all departments of geography. Though Sir Roderick's reputation has been mainly derived from his attainments in geology, he has paid scarcely less attention to geography, as he considers that an inseparable connection exists between these two great branches of knowledge. This seems the more apparent when we consider that among the various inquiries which the Royal Geographical Society encourages, are those relating to the intrinsic properties of the globe; the natural divisions and geological features of the world; mines, minerals, &c.; and it is evident that, in order to pursue these inquiries with any degree of success, much geological knowledge must be exercised.

Acquaintance with hydrographical data is considered an important feature in geographical knowledge. The results of the Admiralty Surveys during the past year make a favourable comparison with those that have been achieved in any preceding year, and the amount of work that has been accomplished bears ample testimony to the energy and ability of those who have been employed in these labours. It is impossible to estimate the value of these Surveys, especially as regards navigation on our own coasts. Great changes are constantly taking place, requiring corrections of the charts in war, and a revision of the sailing directions. With the vast increase of our commerce, the greatest care and accuracy are necessary in laying down the approaches to our ports, where there are frequently concealed dangers and consequent intricacy of navigation. We may here remark that Staff-Commander E. K. Calver, with his two assistants in the Porcupine, has made a minute examination of the eastern coasts of the United Kingdom. Five hundred and thirty miles of coast between Cape Wrath and the River Humber have been so examined, and the entrances to the Tay, the Blyth, the Tees, and the Humber have been entirely re-surveyed. Besides detecting the considerable changes that have taken place, a dangerous sunken ledge off Tarbet Nessthe promontory which separates the Dornoch Firth from the Bay of Cromarty-has been discovered and placed on the charts during the progress of this work. The Surveys in the

Bristol Channel, on the coasts of the Channel Islands, and in the Mediterranean have made favourable progress, though much more requires to be done before we shall possess charts which will be entirely complete and satisfactory. Of the foreign Surveys the most important are, doubtless, those employed in the China Seas. As our commercial communication gradually extends among the sealed countries of the Eastern Archipelago, the dangers of navigation, and the necessity for accurate surveys daily become more evident. The whole region is encumbered with innumerable reefs and shoals, and the annual record of disasters shows that much hydrographical labour requires to be done before the routes to China and Japan will be free from danger. The increasing importance of the Straits of Magellan as a line of communication between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, and the very limited amount of knowledge that we possess of those extensive channels leading northwards into the Gulf of Peñas from its western entrance, have induced the Admiralty to undertake a thorough examination of this region. In this work our authorities have the cheerful co-operation of the Chilian Government. In the West Indies, and on the coasts of Newfoundland, British Columbia, Cape of Good Hope, Australia, and elsewhere, these surveys are being carried on; and during the year 1866, sixty-eight new charts were engraved and published, noteworthy among which is that showing the Agulhas Bank and the coast of the Cape of Good Hope, from Hondeklip Bay to Port Natal. Upwards of 1,050 original plates have been added to and corrected, and 168,900 charts printed. All these, and a vast number of additional labours, have been effected by the Hydrographical Department during the past year, and deserve to be appreciated because of their importance to the commerce of the world.

During the past year but little has been added to our geographical knowledge of Africa, though a great amount of interest has centred on the narrow region which Dr. Livingstone traversed. His mission and its reported disastrous termination have already been fully discussed in these columns, but the lapse of time seems to strengthen the doubts that have been expressed with regard to the truth of the death-story. If, however, Africa has been comparatively barren in exploration, the revelations that have been made of the geography of Central Asia have done much by way of compensation. From the time that Queen Elizabeth, anxious to open out an intercourse by way of the Caspian with Persia and India, addressed a letter to "the Great Sophi, Emperor of the Medes and Parthians," until recently, we have gained but very scanty knowledge of this interesting region, and even a certain amount of information regarding Central Asia upon which European maps were constructed, Sir Henry Rawlinson has declared to be fictitious. But the advance of the Russians, and stray travellers from our own and other countries, have lately revealed so much of this almost terra incognita that Sir Roderick Murchison has devoted a large portion of his address to Asiatic geography. In discussing this subject, Sir Roderick expressed his difference with a statement made by Sir Henry Rawlinson with regard to the history of the Sea of Aral. This difference in the opinions of these eminent men is curious, because it is a conflict between the scientific knowledge of one of the greatest geologists living and the historical lore of the great Orientalist scholar and historian. At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, when a paper by the Russian Admiral Butakoff-towhom the Society this year awarded their Founder's medalon the Aral Sea and the delta of the Oxus, was discussed, Sir Henry Rawlinson stated "that there was sufficient evidence to show that in early times, say from 600 years before the Christian era to 500 or 600 years after it, both the Oxus and Jaxartes flowed into the Caspian, the Aral being non-existent. That afterwards, and up to the year 1300, they fell into the Aral, and that for the next 200 years (1300 to 1500 they came back into the Caspian, subsequently flowing gradually back into the Aral, and forming the sea as we now know it." Sir Henry Rawlinson bases these conclusions on the works of the classical writers; but Sir Roderick Murchison says that they were ignorant of the true geography of the region, and an attentive consideration of its geological structure and physical outlines, followed by inquiries he has made among comparative geographers who have well studied the subject, has led him to believe that their silence with respect to the Aral Sea is no proof that it has not existed during the whole of the historical era. As a geologist who has studied the question in situ, Sir Roderick says that there existed in the latest tertiary, or probably quarternary times, a vast depression in the surface of the globe, amounting to 8,000 square marine leagues, in which a great inland sea was accumulated. The Aral and the Caspian, with portions of a much larger region, were thus

occupied; but owing to the pre-historic movements of the crust of the earth, and the upheaval of large portions of the bottom of that old inland sea, that part which became the Aral was elevated to about 117 feet above the former western part, or present Caspian. Sir Roderick Murchison adduces geological evidence to show what was the physical condition of the region long before tradition or history, while Sir Henry Rawlinson founds his statements on the ancient writers. The latter offers, however, one argument which Sir Roderick confesses would, if sustained, at once dispose of his view. In support of the opinion that the sea of Aral was non-existent in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, Sir Henry Rawlinson states that in those days travellers from Europe to Asia followed a route which lay over the dry lands that have since been occupied by the Aral Sea. If this were substantiated the geologic period of upheaval would be at once removed from pre-historic times to the days of Henry III. and the first two Edwards in English history; but Sir Roderick Murchison thinks that if such a great terrestrial change of surface had happened at such a recent date the rumour of it must have been heard throughout Europe and Asia. This conflict between science and learning is very curious and interesting.

While England has been engaged in commercial relations with China and India through the medium of her great highway, the ocean, Russia has experienced the utmost difficulty in reaching China by land. But by the exploration of the Aral Sea, the Russians have been led to bring into real use, for the first time in history, the great river Jaxartes. They have navigated this river many hundreds of miles into Turkestan and Khokan, and by the establishment of forts have secured a new and well-protected route between Europe and Asia, far to the north of that followed by travellers and merchants in the middle ages, which was from the south end of the Caspian. The advance of the Russians towards the south is viewed by many with positive alarm, who see in their movements a menace to our possessions in India. But there really exists no reason for such jealousy, and the encroachments that the Russians are making on Chinese Tartary should be viewed with satisfaction rather than otherwise, because they are introducing civilization among a race of cut-throats, and revealing to our knowledge the geography of that part of Asia. So long as the Russian Empire is separated from our Eastern possessions by the mountainous, sterile, and snowy regions which exist on the northern frontiers of British India, and which are impassable by modern armies, we may view the Russian advance with perfect equanimity.

We cannot touch on many other important points in Sir Roderick Murchison's address, though we may remark that discovery in Australia during the year has been chiefly confined to local explorations in search of pasture, and the progress made by the Leichardt search expedition. The labours of Mr. Chandlers in South America are about to be renewed on the great rivers Madeira and Beni, with a hope that he may be able to reach the streams flowing down the forest-clad slopes of the Eastern Andes. Much as has been done in geographical progress during the past year, we hope the next will be even more prolific in discovery, and that Sir Roderick Murchison's address will be as important and entertaining as that which he has just delivered.

THE NATIONAL SAVINGS BANK ASSOCIATION, LIMITED.

THE effects of the financial crash of last year seem to have been very evenly distributed over the whole surface of society. In that general "break down" capitalists of all dimensions came to sudden and ignominious grief. The loss and the distress occasioned by the collapse of the speculative mania were as widely ramified as the mania itself; and the liquidators, who are now making a harvest out of windings-up, will probably tell us that there is hardly any class which is not represented in their lists of contributories. We have no wish to diminish by a jot the public sympathy which is generally felt for the great bulk of those who were the victims of clever promoters, of eminent contractors, or of millionaires of the highest respectability and the most unblemished moral character. They were in one sense like lambs led to be slaughtered, inasmuch as they were totally ignorant of the ways of the world into which they had so incautiously entered. They did not know that prospectuses are works of fiction; that under the expression of "financing" a great many operations are performed to which a criminal court would be apt to give a hard name if the subject-matter were shillings and sovereigns instead of hundreds of thousands of pounds; and that although a conspiracy of skittle-sharpers to defraud a

simpleton of a few pounds may involve imprisonment and hard labour, a quiet arrangement under which the directors of a bubble company appropriate all the profits, while they leave the shareholders to bear all the losses, is a perfectly legitimate and safe operation. Still, it must be remembered that the shareholders of limited liability companies were essentially speculators. They were attracted by the promise of a high rate of profit, which common sense might have taught them meant also a high rate of risk. They went in to make great gains, and it is to a certain extent their own fault if they met with large losses instead. Our pity for them must be, to some extent, mingled with blame. But a statement which was made before the sitting magistrate at Guildhall the other day presents us with a sample of a class of losers whose fate is entitled to unmitigated commiseration. This statement was given ex parte, and it is of course open in the fullest extent to the remark that we have not yet heard what can be said on the other side; but taking it as it stands, it appeared from the story of a man named Tillott, that, during thirty years of hard work as a carpenter, he had accumulated £248. In the begin. ning of 1864 he fell in with the prospectus of an institution calling itself the National Savings Bank Association (Limited). We have not the document before us, and therefore we cannot tell what promises it held out; but it is evident enough that its title, although it may not have been fraudulent, was misleading; and that, whether or not it was intended to allure depositors by creating a false impression, it was certain to have that effect. Although persons conversant with business would see at once that it was a mere private concern, working men like Tillott would naturally conclude that "a National Savings Bank Association" had something to do with the Government, and that it was to a certain extent under Government control, and in the enjoyment of a Government guarantee. Any impression of this kind would be strengthened by the fact, that the association was highly lauded in a series of extracts from newspapers-a sort of recommendation which carries great weight with the ignorant, but the use of which is, with those who know better, the strongest condemnation of any concern resorting to it. The thorough respectability and unimpeachable solvency of the concern was further guaranteed by a host of trustees and directors, headed by a Nottinghamshire baronet, and including a barrister in Lincoln's Inn, and a major, who is "at home," both in the City, and at a manor-house in the county of Middlesex. We do not wonder that a man like Tillott was fascinated by this apparent combination of a national character with a direction of such unimpeachable social position. And this is still less a matter of surprise, seeing that he was told in the prospectus that it was impossible that depositors should be losers, because the moment a third of the capital was lost, the concern would be wound up. Again, we say, that with those who are au fait at such matters, such assurance would amount to little or nothing, because they know what kind of security for their capital is afforded by such a promise. But this prospectus was addressed to working men, who know nothing of the nature of the operation in question, and are not even likely to draw a distinction between money being ultimately safe and being immediately forthcoming. By the class for whom it was written-for, of course, the middle classes are not expected to become depositors in savings banks-this prospectus would unquestionably be read as offering, under the guarantee of an imposing title and an attractive name, the assurance of solvency as complete and of repayment as certain and punctual as could be obtained in the institutions to which it was by its title assimilated. It may, no doubt, be said that the terms of the prospectus do not warrant such an inference; the true question is whether they are calculated to suggest it and whether those who put it forth must have known that this would be its effect? If that question is answered in the affirmative, it will not be difficult for any one to designate by its correct epithet the concoction of such a document.

How completely illusory were the pretensions of the concern to which we are referring will appear by the sequel of the story, with which we will now proceed. Tillott commenced paying in his £248 in 1864; and he continued to do so by successive instalments until, by May, 1866, he had deposited in the hands of the directors the whole savings of an industrious life. He did not become a shareholder; he did not go in for large or speculative gains; all that he did was to deposit his money as an investment, on the faith, we presume, of getting a somewhat higher rate of interest than he had previously received. Shortly after he had yielded up his last £10, the National Association of Savings Banks stopped payment. On writing to the secretary with respect to his deposits, Tillott

received be held concern to the magistr preside and dot deficien winding Mr. Wi that 'tl he held propose winding shareho beforeh may no because calls ar proxies deposito as they Chance people, and wi expense them, venture of prox their de holders. hear th that da than e compan receive vague a with th the dep and up tion of case w hall, h utter which more la And al the dire would, satisfac does se employ to risk be wou who we such sy meann who w compar ledger, risk of fellow-Associa who ca Wetru we hav for the that is " volur country branch previou If they theirs. this la specula

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received an intimation that a meeting of shareholders would be held at Birmingham in the following month, to wind up the concern. On that day the meeting was held, and, according to the Times report of the statement made to the sitting magistrate at Guildhall, "Mr. Williamson (one of the directors) presided, and produced a balance-sheet which showed as good and doubtful debts, in one sum at £42,000, and beyond that a deficiency of £5,000. He proposed a resolution for voluntarily winding up the concern, and it was strongly opposed; but upon Mr. Williamson informing the meeting that the money was lost, that 'there was no good in cavilling about spilt milk,' and that he held proxies sufficient to enable him to carry anything he proposed, the opposition gave way, and the resolution for winding up was unamimously carried." That is to say, the shareholders met together, and the directors having succeeded beforehand in obtaining a majority of proxies (which may or may not represent real, bonâ-fide holdings in the concern, because no one knows, in the absence of a secretary, whether the calls are or are not paid upon the shares in respect of which proxies are issued), a resolution was passed which shut out the depositors from all control over the liquidation, except such as they might obtain through an appeal to the Court of Chancery. It is not too much to say, that these unfortunate people, scattered, as they probably are, all over the country, and without the means of combining or of bearing the expense of an appeal to the only tribunal which can assist them, are absolutely at the liquidators' mercy, who are, we venture to guess-remembering Mr. Williamson's majority of proxies-by no means likely to be hard or peremptory in their dealings with the directors, or their calls upon the shareholders. Under these circumstances, we are not surprised to hear that Tillott has heard nothing more of his money from that day to this; and that he has not been able to do more than elicit from the hon. baronet who presides over the company the expression of a hope that "the depositors may receive their deposits with very small, if any deduction." This vague and shadowy anticipation, which is in striking contrast with the statement in the prospectus, that it is impossible for the depositors to lose anything, was held out in August last, and up to the present time there is not the slightest indication of its being realized. The unfortunate man whose case was brought before the sitting Alderman at Guildhall, has since fallen ill, and he is now in a state of utter destitution, owing to the loss of the provision which he had laid by against a rainy day. A harder or a more lamentable case than this it is impossible to conceive. And although we are not about to make any imputations upon the directors, who are no doubt men of the highest honour, and would, we dare say, be able, if need were, to produce the most satisfactory testimonials to that effect, we must say that it does seem carrying company-mongering a little too far to employ it in scraping up the petty savings of the poor, in order to risk them in transactions of such a character that they cannot be wound up in the course of a whole twelvemonth. Persons who were given to use hard words would perhaps even say that such speculations had about them an unpleasant flavour of meanness; and we can quite understand that many a man who would float a gigantic scheme by the aid of a finance company and a dexterous manipulation of the two sides of a ledger, would hesitate to give the rein to his enterprise at the risk of causing dire distress amongst the humblest class of his fellow-countrymen. The history of the National Savings Bank Association, however, shows that we are blessed with financiers who can with equal facility absorb millions and collect pounds. We trust the lesson will not be lost upon the class at whose expense we have acquired this valuable piece of information. Let them, for the future, distrust prospectuses, and beware of a security that is only to be realized through the doubtful process of a "voluntary winding-up." Let them, above all, fight shy of country baronets, members of the bar, and majors in some branch or other of her Majesty's service, who undertake, without previous experience, to carry on the business of bankers. If they do not, the fate of poor Tillott will most probably be theirs. That is the great moral which we would draw from this latest illustration of the melancholy consequences of the speculative and company-constructing mania of the last few years. We should, perhaps, be able to enforce this moral even more efficaciously than we are at present, if we knew more of the transactions of this unfortunate concern. That information we cannot doubt that the directors, with a proper regard to their own reputation, will hasten to supply to the public. We shall then be able to understand that which at present we confess puzzles us-through what unfortunate complication of circumstances it has been found impossible to pay these unfortunate depositors even an instalment of their

debts within a year after the stoppage of the bank. Any additional light upon the practical working of winding-up, and especially of voluntary winding up, will be of considerable public utility.

WINES AND THE WINE DOCTORS.

"What! Ruby Port at 22s. a dozen?" If we glance up at the roof inside an omnibus, this question, asked by four burly wine-tasters, glass in hand, is sure to meet the eye. This pictorial advertisement, it will be seen, is an adaptation to a trade purpose of a well-known German lithograph. This question, which is expected to startle the Port-wine-loving Briton, we may supplement by another. Why not? What is there in Ruby Port that should make it dearer than Ruby Claret, or any other red wine that is the produce of the grape? This may seem a very simple question, but we fear the honest answer to it involves a very serious reply. Hitherto the Englishman has been led to believe that there are but two wines that are worthy of his decanters-Port and Sherry, just as in the political world only two parties were recognised, Whigs and Tories. That our wine tastes have been set by the exigencies of politics, rather than by natural instincts, there can be no shadow of a doubt. In early times-indeed, up to the deposition of the Stuart dynasty-Englishmen mainly drank the Clarets and Burgundies of France; they would no more have touched the manufactured wines of Portugal and Spain than they would have habitually tippled spirits. But the rupture of our relations with Louis XIV., consequent upon his intrigues with the Royalist party, threw our politicians into intimate political and commercial relations with Portugal, and banished light-hearted claret from our tables. The Methuen Treaty of 1703 changed by force the taste of the English upper classes; the pure light wines were withdrawn, and the loaded drams of the Alto Douro were substituted for them. The Scotchman held out longer, and still preferred the pure wine product of Medoc to the new political liquor; but he, too, at last was

obliged to succumb. It may seem strange, but what we call "port" is utterly unknown as a beverage in Portugal, and the fiery sherry that is paraded in the shop windows is a decoction the Spaniard would reject as so much poison. From the beginning of the last century the wine-growers of the Alto Douro began to tamper with their wines intended for the English market. The pure produce of the vine in this rich volcanic soil yields a light Burgundy-like wine, which for some reason was supposed not to be fitted for the English palate. It was pretended that it would not travel across the sea, that it would not keep, that it required the addition of alcohol to stop fermentation and produce a strong and sweet wine suitable to Englishmen; and on one pretence or another it was made illegal to ship it to England before it had been "fortified" with 10 per cent. of spirit. This custom is in force to the present hour. We are not permitted to obtain the pure wine even if we would without the regulation dose of spirit. But it must not be supposed that 10 per cent. represents the whole of the adulteration to which port wine is subjected. The moment it reaches this country it is subjected to the most extraordinary manipulations, which are by the wine merchants disguised under the euphonious term, "blendings." We are now speaking of the very highest class wines—the rare old ports that paterfamilias nurses in his cellar with religious care. The 10 per cent. of spirit is, in many cases, augmented to 25 and 30 per cent., in order to "check fermentation," and then the doctor is added, in "flavourings" and colourings, according to the wine merchant's fancy, and the good wine that should be drank pure and simple, and would keep like other natural wines in bottle, is transmuted into a compound having a score of different flavours, and so dosed with spirit that it is perfectly undrinkable. In this condition it is "laid down" to refine, and develop flavour and bouquet. In twenty years some of the spirit with which it was originally adulterated has evaporated, or at least is so blended with the wine that its harsh rawness is smoothed down, and it is brought forth with great gusto on high occasions as a rare and precious beverage. It has often struck us that the wine merchant, whose secret doings in the depths of his cellars few of us suspect, must smile a grim smile to himself when he hears the delicate bouquets and flavours of his wines applauded, knowing as he does the sources from which they derive their inspiration. But what shall we say to the folly which puts adulteration into a wine, and then seals it up for a generation in order that it may be purged out? It never tastes like a pure wine, and no Portuguese gentleman would venture to drink it. Its potency no foreigner accustomed to unsophisticated wine can relish, or

understand our relishing. What we have said of port may be said with equal truth of sherry, which is adulterated with alcohol until, in many cases, it becomes little better than spiritand-water. There is such a thing, good reader, as "fresh sherry," and there is the Hambro' sherry to be met with in the shops of the grocers, and there are other so-called wines to be procured from the same tradesman that scarcely contain one drop of grape-juice. Potato and beet-root spirit is now so cleverly flavoured and sweetened as to imitate any wine. A practical distiller some time ago advertised in the Times for a partner to join him in making a fine port and sherry without a drop of the grape-juice; and what he proposed to do on a manufacturing scale is done largely by individuals at home. Has the reader ever heard of the occupation of wine-brewing? It is a very long-established and respectable occupation in the eyes of wine merchants. Cyrus Redding, in his "History and Description of Modern Wines," tells the following famous story of one of them, which proves that even in our grandfathers' days the art of "blending" had arrived at great perfection :-It is said that when George the Fourth was in the high and palmy days of early dissipation, he possessed a small quantity of remarkably choice and scarce wine. The gentlemen of his suite, whose taste in wine was hardly second to their master's, finding it had not been demanded, thought it was forgotten, and relishing its virtues, exhausted it almost to the last bottle, when they were surprised at the unexpected command that the wine should be forthcoming at an entertainment the following day. Consternation was visible on every face, a hope of escaping discovery hardly existed, when one of them, as a last resource, went off in haste to a noted wine-brewer in the City remembered among his acquaintances, and related his dilemma. "Have you any of the wine left as a specimen?" said the adept. "Oh, yes, there are a couple of bottles." "Well, then, send me one, and I will forward the necessary quantity in time, only tell me the last moment it can be received, for it must be drunk immediately." The wine was sent, the deception answered, the princely hilarity was not disturbed by discovery of the fictitious potations, and the manufacturer was thought a very clever fellow by his

It is not to be wondered at that the potent wines indulged in by the upper and middle classes should have been considered the standard of taste for those lower in the social state. It cannot fail to have struck the reader that the province of the wine merchant has lately been usurped by the catering grocer, bottles of fine old "crusty port" being hung in manufactured cobwebs, and "nutty brown sherries" temptingly held out to a class of people who never of old took anything in the shape of wine but gooseberry or ginger. To this class the Hambro' or the "fresh" sherry and the crusty port presents another form of mild spirit-drinking. Thus the abominable fashion of sophisticating the glass that is intended to cheer and not inebriate is

passed down in society.

But in the blackest cloud there is some streak of light, and we think there is evidence that sensible people are going back to the simpler wine tastes of our forefathers. Since the better class of Englishmen have been in the habit of spending their holidays every year abroad, they have discovered that in foreign restaurants his revered tipple, which the old gentleman at home still swears by, is utterly unknown. He finds that wine is taken as a beverage with the meal, and not as a liqueur afterwards; he finds that the barbarous custom of wine-bibbing after the ladies have left the drawing-room is nowhere the custom excepting in England, and he also finds that he never has a headache in France or Germany, however free may have been his libations. And the custom he has forgotten abroad is not always reassumed on his return home. It is not a rare thing to find men who confess they cannot touch port, and who never taste anything but the pure Montilla sherry. Wine merchants are beginning to discover that there are other volcanic soils splendidly fitted for the cultivation of the grape besides those of Spain and Portugal, and the Hungarians and the Greeks are sending us pure wines, possessing excellent qualities, and quite innocent of any adventitious spirit. But this symptom of returning good taste is only yet a gleam in the darkness. The lower classes still indulge in the love of alcoholic drinks, which sent the squires of old under the table early in the evening. The women are unfortunately following in the footsteps of the men, as we shall show in our next paper.

CONTEMPORARY BIOGRAPHY.

"DE vivis nil nisi bonum." With the dead you may do as you like; they cannot retaliate. If you speak well of them, they are not gladdened; if you speak ill of them, they are not grieved. You may state honestly your opinion of them. and yet they will not turn again and rend you. The biographers of dead men lead an easy life; their epigrams cost nothing; facts become plastic clay in their hand, to be squeezed easily into the moulds of theory. They are not haunted at the dead of night by visions of an uplifted arm; the morning post brings them no threatening letters, insisting on retractation, public apologies, and what not, under pain of an action for libel. But who was the first man to think of writing the lives of his contemporaries? His nerves must have been of steel, his biceps of forged iron. He was the originator of a new department in English literature-a department in which, more than any other, the native intensity of the English mind is displayed. Mr. Matthew Arnold complains of the critical spirit which pervades all sections of our literature; but he makes a mistake in including the biographical. Modern biography is not critical; it is creative. It exhibits a splendour of imagination, a disregard for pettinesses, and a deep earnest faith in the divinity of every man, which one finds co-existent at almost no previous period in the history of the world. Of psychological analysis, of critical distrust, of any desire to measure modern progress by ancient standards, we find in it not a trace. Contemporary biography is a definite creation in the history of the universe-a result which is no product of the wisdom of all the ages cast into a fresh form by advancing civilization, but a new, self-sufficient thing which would blush to owe its origin to

any laborious process of natural development.

In one way, however, we are indebted to several publishers for the special exuberance of growth which marks this new domain in literature. It must have occurred to them at an early period that literary men were, for the most part, not physically robust; and that the task of writing memoirs of their contemporaries might greatly imperil the safety of their entire race. A system of mutual slaughter would be as ruinous as universal suicide; for with no more men of letters to furnish subjects for memoirs, how could the publication continue? Some ingenious person must then have suddenly discovered a loophole of escape. "Let us," this gentleman must have said,-"let us ask all our authors, artists, and men of science to write their own lives, and let the responsibility we incur be that only of securing an editor in order to correct the grammar of the voluntary contributions. In the event of a man refusing to write his own biography, he cannot complain if some one else (that is, our editor) should make a few little mistakes in doing it for him. And, in the impossible case of a man being too proud to write a history of himself, and of our being unable to discover anything about his antecedents, why, we can leave him out altogether-and serve him right too!" The plan was an admirable one. Who should know a man better than himself? Who so thoroughly acquainted with all the processes of his education, with the history of what he has suffered and performed, with the power which may have remained latent for reasons best known to the possessor? To measure a man by what he has actually produced is a vulgar error. He may have within him a capacity greater than that of Demosthenes, or Cæsar, or Newton, or Shakespeare; and that capacity may be hidden from all human cognizance but his own. But let him write his autobiography, and the mute, inglorious Milton at once becomes vocal; the village Hampden, without effort, arrives at his due reward. In such a biography there will be none of the vagueness of flattery which living writers write of their friends. For some years past the British public has been made aware, through several channels, of the existence of two or three clubs which, according to the members thereof, contain all the wit and wisdom, the erudition and philosophy of these islands. It is a habit of the members to write miniature biographies of each other whenever they get, or can make, an opportunity; and from these specimens we know what would happen if the excellent system of which we speak had not been invented. Do we not hear of Mr. Cuff, whose "drama is equal in dramatic position and intensity to anything that Victor Hugo ever wrote, while it bears upon its face the light glow of a genial humour such as one nowhere finds in Shakespeare"? Do we not hear of Mr. Frill that his "latest poem is Dantesque in its grandeur, and as far above the petty allegory of Spenser as Schlegel is above Lindley Murray"? Do we not hear of Mr. Mall that "his latest picture has a lusciousness of colour of which Titian never dreamed, with a harmony of conception worthy of Raphael"? and is it not singular that Cuff, Frill, and Mall are, nevertheless, of that unhappy race whom neither gods nor men will tolerate? Let us be thankful we have other means of ascertaining the true relative position of our artists and the value of their work.

It was lately our good fortune to become acquainted with the

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mechanism of the system. It is simple. To the person who is thought worthy to write his autobiography, a printed schedule is sent, in order to avoid his overlooking important details with that carelessness which is supposed to be characteristic of men of genius. The publisher's printed slip is the Providence which guides the steps of these intellectually drunken persons; and they are kept from straying by the hardest and sharpest lines. The aspirant for fame begins by stating his age, and then devolves upon a minute account of his own and his father's circumstances, which will probably be highly interesting to a certain class of readers. We must acknowledge, however, having looked at previous editions of the manual of contemporary biography which these slips have formed, and having found there only a moderate and decent use made of such questionable material. The last item which the autobiographer has to "fill in" is the most important. The direction on the margin is-" State claims to distinction." Here the paternal hand guides us no longer. We are cast adrift upon a sea of speculation, without rudder, without compass. What are our claims to distinction? Shall we say "Never wrote Proverbial Philosophy," or, "Have discovered the politics of the Times," or "Had a house saved from fire by the Prince of Wales," or "Able to believe that the House of Commons hates bribery," or what? Is there a man alive who does not deem himself possessed of some one claim to considerable distinction? Is it the business of the editor to compare "claims to distinction," and publish those which he considers the strongest? If so, why should not these slips be sent to every person in the country, to make the competition fair? Or is the editor assured of the "claims" of certain people, and desirous that they should phrase them according to their own pleasure? The schedule we were privileged to look upon was submitted to an English author whose name is pretty well known in his own country, and whose works have been reprinted and widely read in America. Could the modesty of an editor go further than to allow this man to state his own claims, -to build his own pedestal, and erect his own statue? When we turn from methods to results we are struck with admiration before the great temple of English celebrities which this volume of contemporary biography opens up to us. England is no longer a land of Philistinism; it is a land of poets and painters. It is we, purblind critics, looking despairingly around for tangible products and failing to see the great possibilities lying dormant in these countless bosoms, who have degraded the land of our birth by ignoring its abundant harvest of prospective genius. Heavens! what masses, what bushels, of great men lie scattered here! We have the birth, parentage, education, and pursuits of innumerable great ones whose very name was unknown to us. Their "claims to distinction" may be sometimes rather obscure; but of the date of their nativity there is no doubt. Future historians, seizing upon this book with avidity, will lift up hands of wonder and exclaim that before the profuse intellectual riches of the Victorian age the Augustan and Elizabethan ages must pale their ineffectual fires. There is no more room now for a great soul to be like a star, and dwell apart. Celebrities jostle each other on the pavement; heroes fill every coffee-house in Fleet-street. In the various analyses published of the 658 persons whom Mr. Bright proposed to catch in a net as they went through Temple Bar, we find no mention of 329 men of heaven-born genius; and yet, according to these authentic histories of individual lives, how could the proportion be less? It is a fact which the mind delights to dwell upon. We need no longer wince to hear of the education of Prussia, of the artistic taste of France, of the intellectual appreciation of America? Education is only a means; artistic taste is less than art; the Americans are welcome to appreciate what we write for them. We know of a small volume which we should like to send to the Paris Exhibition-where the countries of Europe are scrambling for a petty superiority in the making of washing-machines and fire-irons-in order to show that England is no longer a nation of shopkeepers, but a nation of great men.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

A RATHER strange series of demonstrations has just been made at St. Petersburg. The Sclavonian members of the Ethnographic Congress of Moscow have been asserting, with much vigour and enthusiasm, the claims of their race to be considered one of the great leading nationalities of the world; indeed, we are not sure that they do not regard themselves as the very pick and flower of humanity. Strange to say, Russia seems inclined to favour their

pretensions, and to endorse their views. The Congress consists of representatives of the various divisions of the Sclavonian race found in Austria, Prussia, and Turkey; and these have been elected by their congeners, and despatched to a sort of Sclavonic Parliament held in the ancient capital of the Russian Empire, which they regard as their Mecca, their "holy city," the centre and metropolis of their race. From this gathering, however, the Poles have held back, owing to a not unnatural dislike of Russia, and a very reasonable suspicion of "Pansclavism." The Austrian Sclavonian members of the Congress have been received at St. Petersburg by the Emperor and Empress, the Grand Dukes, and Prince Gortschakoff, who treated them with marked attention; while Count Tolstoy, Minister of Public Instruction, made a flaming speech at a banquet to which they were invited, and spoke of "the great future which Providence has marked out for the mighty Sclavonic race." What does all this mean? Does Russia really imagine she can establish a vast Pansclavonian Empire, including all the scattered members of the most scattered of European tribes? In that case she must be prepared to subdue, and partially to absorb, not only Turkey, but Austria and Prussia; and in the endeavour to effect such a purpose she would have all the rest of Europe in arms against her, by the mere instinct of self-preservation against a gigantic peril. The fact is, the Sclavonic race has no real historic centre or clearlymarked country. Pansclavism, as interpreted by Russia, is simply a dream of universal military dominion; as interpreted by the genuine Sclaves themselves, it is wanting in form and definition. The dominant race in Russia is Mongolian; and when one of the Czech delegates at Moscow said that the sworn enemies of the Sclavonians were "the Germans, Magyars, Italians, and Tartars," he unconsciously condemned the very Power which he and his fellows had met to worship.

PRUSSIA, it seems, has at length determined on doing justice to the Danes, having entered into negotiations with the Danish Government with a view to carrying out that Article of the Treaty of Prague which stipulated that the people of North Slesvig should be consulted by universal suffrage as to which country they would adopt as their own. Better late than never; but there has been a discreditable delay, as well as a very grudging spirit, in the whole business, and in the meanwhile the poor North Slesvigers have suffered not a little from the tyranny of their conquerors. The Journal des Débats has recently translated from the Dagbladet, a well-known Danish paper, a very painful account of the atrocious cruelties to which the people favourable to Scandinavian ideas have been subjected by the Prussian military, in order to force them to fall in with the designs and wishes of the Berlin Government. It is possible that there may be some little exaggeration in this narrative-some warmth of national feeling, partially colouring the facts; but, judging by what we know of the drill-sergeant despotism of Prussia in her dealings with subjected peoples, it is only too probable that the statements are true in the main. The authorities have sought, by actual violence and terrorism, to force the North Slesvigers into taking the oath of allegiance to Prussia; and, though some have submitted out of fear, vast numbers have emigrated, rather than comply with terms which amount to a renunciation of their nationality. It is high time that this shameful violation of right and of treaty engagements should be put an

By the Treaty of London with reference to Luxembourg, the text of which has just been published, Italy may be said to have taken a position as one of the "Great Powers" of Europe, thus constituting a sixth. This is an honour which Spain recently failed to obtain; and when we consider what Italy was only ten years ago, the fact is truly astonishing. Metternich, who lived till 1859, would have pronounced it impossible; Cavour, who died in 1861, would hardly have dared to hope that in six years' time his country would sit in the councils of Europe on equal terms with England, France, Austria, Prussia, and Russia. There must be admirable stuff in a people who, with a little generous assistance from others, can so soon raise themselves from a miserable dependence and degradation to the position of a first-class Power. That Spain, with infinitely greater advantages, has not been able to do likewise, is because Spain, unlike Italy, is incapable of apprehending the ideas and tendencies of the age.

As far as any intelligence from the extreme East of Europe can be relied on, the Cretans appear to be asserting their independence with remarkable success. It is clear that Omar Pasha cannot have struck any serious blow as yet, or we should have heard of it through Turkish channels. He seems to have done little more, up to the present time, than devastate the open country through which he has passed; but his real difficulties will be among the mountains. A large part of Crete is mountainous; and Omar Pasha, if he is not very careful, may encounter a fate somewhat similar to that which befell our army in the Khyber Pass in the disastrous winter of 1842.

It seems like a bit of the middle ages come back when we read of the Jews having been persecuted in Moldavia. The persecution, however, must have been extreme, since France and Austria felt it incumbent on them to interpose with remonstrances. This interposition had the desired effect, and the ill-usage of the Israelites has now ceased. Progress, after all, is a reality, when we find the oppression of a tribe of Jews made the subject of earnest remonstrance on the part of two Christian Courts.

THE French Government has just carried through the Corps Législatif, with the entire approval of that body, a Bill for reducing the term of residence for the naturalization of foreigners from ten years to three, at which it already stands in Algeria. This places the law on a very liberal basis—more liberal, indeed, than that of any other European country. At previous times, when revolutionary ideas have prevailed in France, the law has been amended, so as to give increased facilities to the foreigner for making himself a French citizen; but with the reaction the old spirit of exclusion has again got the ascendant. It was reserved for the Imperial Government to make a new move in the right direction; and by this, it is to be hoped, the country will abide.

THE Emperor Napoleon has been giving an audience to a deputation of delegates from an association formed in England to bring over workmen to Paris on a visit to the Great Exhibition. The workman is always a favourite with the Emperor, and he accorded a very hearty reception to our English artisans, saying with marked emphasis that "a cordial understanding between France and England had been the object of all his policy." It is but justice to the Emperor to admit that he is fairly entitled to make that assertion.

THE Spanish Supreme Court of War and Marine gave judgment on the 23rd ult. in the case of the *Tornado*, and quashed the entire proceedings of the Cadiz Prize Court. Thus it is admitted that for nine months the crew have been illegally detained. The vessel ought to be at once given up, and the crew indemnified for their sufferings; and we hope that on these points Lord Stanley will insist.

Nor a little discussion, and some alarm, are being excited in India by the continued advance of Russia into Central Asia; and this feeling of apprehension has furnished matter for comment in the London papers. In a leading article on Thursday, the Times says :- "An outcry is raised against that policy of non-intervention which keeps us quiet and inactive while such things are going on. It is pointed out that Russia will soon be at Bokhara and Samarcand; that what is called 'government' in Central Asia is almost in a state of dissolution; that Khokan is in the hands of the invaders; that Persia is feeble and submissive; that Afghanistan is, as usual, a prey to anarchy and civil war and all the miseries of a disputed succession. It is said that the Russian outposts are pushed within three hundred miles of our frontier, and we are asked how long we mean to tolerate a state of things so full of danger and discredit." The Times does not share in these alarmist views, but considers it next to impossible for Russia to advance through the vast wilds of Central Asia, and attack us in the north of Hindostan. The Pall Mall Gazette, on the other hand, regards the matter more gravely, and thinks we are a great deal too apathetic in our Indian policy with respect to Russia.

From America we learn that the assertion made some time ago by General Butler, that Mr. Johnson had cut out from a pocket-book found on Wilkes Booth certain leaves which, had they been suffered to remain, would have implicated the present Chief Magistrate in the assassination of his predecessor, has entirely broken down under the examination of the Judiciary Committee. It was proved, by the testimony of the officer who captured Booth, that the leaves were already cut out when the pocket-book was found.

We anticipated that the story would prove to be baseless, and we trust it is now finally settled. The general complexion of the last advices from America, however, is not pleasant. The negroes have been riotous in several places, and collisions have occurred with the military, of a nature to familiarize the Americans with some of the worst traditions of the old world.

WE are still in the dark about the Emperor Maximilian and his fate. One account says that he, Mejia, and Miramon have been captured, with all their forces; another, that the Imperialists have obtained a victory before Queretaro, and that the fortunes of the Austrian are looking up again. It would be a vain task to endeavour to comment on a situation of which it is at present impossible to know with certainty even the most rudimentary features.

In spite of Lord Cranworth's opposition, the Government have carried the second reading of the Office of Judge in the Admiralty, Divorce, and Probate Court Bill, in the House of Lords. The effect of this measure, should it eventually obtain the assent of Parliament, will be to consolidate the three courts we have mentioned into one tribunal, which will be charged with the administration of the civil law (so far as it forms part of English jurisprudence) in all its branches. This tribunal will be presided over by a Chief Justice who will rank with the heads of the other courts in Westminster Hall, and will have under him two puisne judges. Only one of these will, however, constitute an addition to our present judicial staff, because the appointment of the other will be balanced by the resignation of the judge of the Admiralty Court, whose office will in future cease to exist. By this trivial addition to the Bench, more than one important advantage will be gained. In the first place, means will be found of coping with the growing business of the Divorce and Probate courts, which is already beyond the grasp of a single judge. In the next place, judges specially trained to the civil law, or, at any rate, judges whose attention is constantly directed to its administration, will be enabled to attend the Privy Council, and to give to that body the assistance which it requires in dealing with cases of international law or others of a like nature. And in the third place, as the puisne judges of the new courts will go circuits, it will become possible to divide the Northern Circuit, and to devote two judges at each assizes to do the business at Liverpool and Manchester, which is amply sufficient to engage their attention during the time which can be allotted to it. We do not see how the various ends which it is desirable to attain could be met more simply or more economically. Lord Cranworth did, indeed, profess to be of opinion that the difficulty which at present confessedly attends the administration of justice could be surmounted by allowing three instead of four judges to sit in banco in each court in Westminster Hall during term-and sending the three judges thus free to hold a sort of extra assize for any business not disposed of in the regular course in the great towns in the north. A more wretched, paltry, pettifogging expedient could hardly have been suggested even by an ex-Chancellor desirous of depriving his successor of patronage. It is difficult to over-estimate the amount of inconvenience and annoyance which would be inflicted both upon suitors and upon the legal profession by having circuits going on during term. And we are therefore glad to find that the House of Lords did not allow a petty saving to stand in the way of that addition to our judicial staff which is imperatively called for by the increasing business of our

THERE was considerable excitement in Dublin before the arrival of the tidings that the Government had consented to spare the lives of the Fenian convicts. The meeting held by the Lord Mayor in the previous week was badly attended, for the public took it for granted that commutation of the extreme sentence was a matter of course. But when the Lord-Lieutenant declared that he could hold out no hope of a reprieve, and even said that he could not suspend the preparations for hanging Burke, there was immediate action. A fresh memorial was signed by the citizens, asking the Mayor to go at once to England, to petition Lord Derby, and, if necessary, the Queen in person. The Chamber of Commerce put forth renewed efforts on behalf of mercy, and Trinity College, to its credit be it spoken, prepared a memorial to the Lord-Lieutenant. This latter memorial was signed by the Vice-Provost, the Regius Professor of Divinity, and about twenty Fellows or Professors. The names of the most popular members of the professions were added; but the Established

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Church was but feebly represented, very few Anglican clergymen appending their names. Cardinal Cullen, with his chaplain and attendants, made a visit on his own account to the Viceregal Lodge, to urge the cause of mercy. When the news of a reprieve arrived, there was great rejoicing. Three orderlies were despatched by his Excellency-one to the Lord Mayor, another to the Governor of the prison where Burke was confined, and the third to Cardinal Cullen. The joy of the Irish people at the reprieve of Burke was not, however, universal. It was remarked that the Conservative gentlemen, whose sympathies go very much with the "peculiar institution" of the North of Ireland, were a little crestfallen when they found that hanging was not to be the order of the day. In fact, Government has, in the eyes of Orangemen, disgraced itself by not persisting in the resolve announced by Lord Abercorn as the policy of the Cabinet. The clergy of the Establishment also held aloof from the movement towards clemency, perhaps feeling that they themselves may be soon, in another sense, under sentence of legal annihilation. The exercise of mercy, although it might have been better had it occurred before the delivery of the touching speeches of Burke and other convicts, in one respect has been of benefit. The Irish people now know that it was the efforts of the English people, and the remonstrances of members of the Imperial Parliament, which conquered the Cabinet, and prevented Burke and his companions from attaining the honours of martyrdom.

As there could be no doubt of the necessity of passing the Habeas Corpus Suspension Bill for Ireland, the motion for its second reading in the House of Lords was made the occasion of some talk upon what is requisite for the pacification of that country. Earl Russell spoke with a decision upon the Irish Church which drew from Lord Derby the taunt that, in his eighteen years of office, during which he had been twice at the head of the Government, he had proposed no measure with regard to it, and that last year, sitting on the Ministerial benches, he had deprecated any discussion with regard to its endowments. Earl Russell replied that many years ago be had raised the question four or five years running, but had given it up, seeing no prospect of carrying it. Now, however, he believed that a change of opinion had taken place on the subject in the minds of the people of England, and he hoped that, if the Reform Bill were carried this year, the Irish Church grievance would be remedied next. "I cannot," he said, "leave this question [the Fenian outbreak] without saying that I entirely concur in the opinions that were expressed last session by my noble friend the late Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, that the nature of this conspiracy, the extensive discontent which prevailed, and the sympathy which is shown for the offenders, makes it incumbent upon Parliament to consider, as soon as it has time and opportunity, whether at this time, sixty-six years since the Union, we cannot find some measures by which the mind and heart of Ireland can be conciliated by us, and brought in unison with this country."

THE second reading of the Uniformity Acts Amendments Bill has been carried by a majority of 200 against 156. It proposes to repeal an old statute which renders it necessary for every fellow of a college to make a declaration of conformity with the Church of England, and thus to admit Protestant Nonconformists to fellowships. Though Mr. Gladstone voted against the second reading, he admits the position that a University career is not complete in itself, in its honours and its substantial rewards, if the attainment of a fellowship is entirely denied to those who differ from the Church of England. His objections to the measure are threefold: first, because it does not place the religious teaching of the Universities on a comprehensive and permanent basis; secondly, because it is permissive; thirdly, because while it would attach no religious limitations whatever to Protestant Nonconformists, it would exclude Roman Catholics. Mr. Fawcett, however, has undertaken to remedy the last-mentioned defect, by introducing a clause in Committee. In a different style he also disposed of the objection of a member who urged it as fatal to the Bill, that a majority at the Universities had petitioned against it. What other course was to be expected from men who have opposed every step that has ever been taken for the removal of religious disabilities?

A COUNT-OUT was ingeniously devised by Major Knox on Tuesday night, which resulted in preventing the appointment of a Committee to sit upon the Irish Ecclesiastical Titles Bill. It was said that Mr. Vance stood at the door of the House, and prevented some members from entering. On Wednesday, Mr. Denman characterized the proceedings of Major Knox and Mr. Vance as factious, and as a gross abuse of the spirit and the laws of Parliament. Those were rather hard words with which to describe the triumph of Mr. Vance, who can write to his intelligent constituents quite another version of the transaction, and how he staved off for yet a little while the removal of a stupid and inefficient law from the Statute-book.

MR. DE GRUYTHER seems to be one of those irrepressible people who never know that the public have had enough of them. Not very long ago he, or somebody of the same name-and we hope there are not two such-endeavoured to acquire some notoriety by attempting to force himself into the presence of the Queen with a petition in favour of something or other of a popular nature. Since then, however, he appears to have altered his political opinions, and to be as troublesome as a fierce Tory as ever he was as a red-hot Radical. Having provided himself with a few of the statutes, and a copy—very likely an old one—of "Hawkins's Pleas of the Crown," he makes capital of these unpromising materials, gives the newspapers a great deal of law upon the subject of open-air meetings, and talks a great deal of nonsense about the means that should be taken for their repression. When Mr. De Gruyther next appears as a public man, we hope he will choose a livelier subject than the wearisome Hyde-park controversy.

THE decisions of the Market Drayton magistrates, and of the sworn Grand Jury, do not seem to have terminated the Jamaica prosecutions. The attorneys for the Jamaica Committee some time ago commenced an action in the Court of Exchequer against Mr. Eyre for false imprisonment; but the action, it is now stated, has been abandoned, and a new writ issued for the same cause in the Court of Queen's Bench. The object of the Committee in changing their Court is easily arrived at, and reflects no very great credit upon them. Actions of such importance as that against Mr. Eyre are generally tried by the Chief Justice or Chief Baron of the court in which they are brought; and consequently the present action, if proceeded with, will come before Sir Alexander Cockburn, whose charge to the London jury the Committee think favours their case, instead of before Sir Fitzroy Kelly, who has never expressed any opinion upon the subject. We do not question the right of the Committee to obtain the opinion of a jury upon Mr. Eyre's conduct; but we do protest against their endeavour to secure the presidency of a judge from whose opinions they may hope for some advantage. Surely the Committee number amongst their members those whose sense of honour will not permit them to lend their names to so unfair a proceeding.

IT is reported that the Sultan, the Czarewitch and his bride, and the King of Greece, are to visit this country in July or August. Where shall we lodge them? Will the Sultan be put in the Langham, and his bill called for at the end of his stay, the King of Greece sent to the Charing Cross, and the Czarewitch and his bride to the Alexandra? The nation would not grumble at the expense of placing a Royal Palace at the disposal of these Royal guests. and getting it ready for them. Our shabbiness in entertaining personages of such high distinction contrasts most unfavourably with the imperial and dignified manner in which the Emperor receives them. If we cannot do the thing as well as the French, we can certainly do it better than we have hitherto done; and we trust that on the forthcoming occasion we shall be a little more considerate and generous than we were to some exalted visitors who went off in sheer disgust at the English hospitality which we allowed them to enjoy by themselves at a limited liability inn.

Last Monday, the Femalé Medical Society held its third annual meeting at the Hanover-square Rooms, Lord Shaftesbury in the chair. The movement is an excellent one, and deserves every support and encouragement. Looking at the report of the Society with which we have been favoured, and at the nature and scope of the work it proposes to undertake, we must regret that its financial success has not been proportionate to its merits. The branch of practice which the ladies are here anxious to get into their hands, is one for which, save in abnormal and exceptional cases, they are peculiarly fitted and qualified. The Society is not to be confounded with rights of women or women franchise agitations; it simply seeks to open a sphere of employment to females which they can claim upon excellent grounds of sense and

reason. We hear, however, that the strongest prejudices against which they will have to contend will be found amongst their own sex, and that, in the majority of cases, ladies still prefer, in an obstetric crisis, to be attended by medical gentlemen. This fact (if a fact) is curious; if it be not a fact, we should like to have some figures from the Society which would enable us to contradict it.

THE gallant Life Guards at Knightsbridge, who live upon the wages of domestic servants, had an opportunity of detailing the particulars of the system at the Marylebone County Court on Thursday. One of the men was sued for £5 by a woman who described herself as having acted "generously towards him," frequenting music-halls and other places of amusement, and bearing all the expenses of those recreations. "When servants walked out with soldiers, they knew they had to pay," was the plea of the defendant, who got off from want of corroborative evidence on the part of the plaintiff, and "slunk out of court," the 'liner tells us, "with a broad grin on his features." There is no doubt but that these household troops have a great deal too much idle time, and that they are an unmitigated nuisance to the neighbourhood. Could not something be done on parade ground to a Life Guardsman who admits having sponged on a poor cook or parlour-maid, which would send that fine soldier out of court with a different style of grin upon his attractive features than that expressive of enjoyment and satisfaction?

THE Royal Irish Academy has chosen Mr. W. H. Harding, one of its Vice-Presidents, to be its Treasurer, vice the Rev. Joseph Carson, resigned. The funds of the society are not in a flourishing condition, owing to circumstances connected with the past management. It is to be hoped that Mr. Harding will work harmoniously with the other members of the financial committee, and display more desire than was evinced by his predecessor to accede to their suggestions.

Dumas and "the Menken" have fallen into a photographic predicament similar to that which was reported to have distressed Count Bismarck last year. Nobody ought to be surprised at any extravagance of Dumas', nor at the readiness of stationers to make money out of him. The French courts, however, have decided that, on grounds of public decorum, the offensive pictures should be withdrawn. What a pity it is that a similar decree cannot be pronounced against those who figure in them! The same reason might be given for the judgment.

OUR UNIVERSITY LETTER.

CAMBRIDGE.

THE eight-oared boat-races have been the great athletic feature of the past fortnight here. Each year the crowd of spectators seems to increase, and "Grassy" is more and more lumbered with carriages of all descriptions. As a stand-point for seeing the races, no worse place could well be chosen than that famous meadow, crowded as it now is with horses and other means of locomotion. In old times, when persons standing there could follow the course of the boats round the whole long sweep of the field, it was a different affair; but at best the inside of the bend is on principle the wrong side for a spectator. The "long reach" is becoming much more properly appreciated than it has hitherto been, and vastly more people go there now than to "Grassy," though the élite of the spectators will continue to choose the latter position, so long as it is impossible to take carriages or horses into the field which skirts the "long reach." During this year's races the long reach has been by far the best place, for the head boats have usually not got very near each other till they have well passed Grassy, and so the interest and excitement has been deferred to the later portion of the course. Among the first boats very slight changes have taken place. Trinity Hall has more than once clearly overlapped Third Trinity in the effort to secure the second place on the river, and on two of the early evenings of the week actually claimed a bump. The wonted contradictory evidence seems to have been adduced, but in such cases the captains who decide the question appear usually to be guided by the principle that only very clear proof indeed can substantiate the claim of a bump, or they forget that a hundred negatives will scarcely outweigh one positive. In the present instance, there seems to have been a strong feeling in favour of the bump, which the captains disallowed. A dispute of this kind is decidedly to be deprecated, as it seldom eads to any-

thing but annoyance and angry feeling. Sometimes, however, a club acquires a tradition of persistent determination to row on and not acknowledge that its boat is bumped, unless the coxswain or stroke is actually transfixed by the pursuing prow; and when such a feeling is manifested, it is time to bring the thing to an issue, and put a stop to it. A very small exercise of ingenuity might obviate the whole difficulty, for some colouring substance could easily be affixed to the prow of each boat, by means of which an unmistakable register of a bump would be recorded on the bumped boat. St. John's, which started fourth, now rows third, having lost a place to Emmanuel in consequence of stroke breaking his oar, and having afterwards re-bumped Emmanuel and bumped the Hall. First Trinity rowed safely over the course each night at the head of the river. Christ's and Clare have been rising boats, especially the latter, while Pembroke has not maintained its reputation, and Corpus has met with many misfortunes. By an error arising from the intricacy of the C.U.B.C. rules, it was stated a fortnight ago that Downing, as the last boat on the river, would be challenged by various boats not so far on the river. It appears that this power of challenge only lies against the lowest boat on the river which is not the sole boat representing its college. Thus Downing would, at any rate, have escaped the challenge, but it has made assurance doubly sure by pluckily placing four boats between its stern and danger-a success for which all praise is due to the crew. The "boat procession" is to take place next Wednesday evening, in the middle of college examinations, and then this branch of athletic diversion will be suffered to rest for a while. Cricket has been going on with much vigour, and some surprisingly good scores have been made; but, after so much space has been devoted to the boats, the cricket-fields must suffer themselves to be passed by without special remark.

Not so the contest for the Sanskrit Professorship, which comes on next Thursday. Fortunately there are only two candidates so far, and therefore there is less chance of a miscarriage of justice than when the minds of ignorant electors are distracted by a plurality of claimants. Each of the two candidates, Professor Aufrecht and Mr. E. B. Cowell, has issued the usual small volume of testimonials, and it is a comfort to find that there are apparently few if any more distinguished men than our aspirants throughout the length and breadth of Europe. There is, however, a very marked difference between the credentials of the two learned men, and one which it is to be hoped that the three hundred electors will carefully note. The requirements for the new professorship are three, (1) a knowledge of Sanskrit, (2) a knowledge of modern Indian languages, (3) skill in comparative philology. There seems no question that Mr. Cowell's qualification under the second head is exceedingly strong, and that as a teacher for such of our undergraduates as are reading for the Indian Civil Service he would be invaluable. In Sanskrit both candidates appear to be thoroughly well qualified. The Berlin Professor of Sanskrit states that when Max Müller was a candidate at Oxford, he gave him a testimonial, but told him privately that Professor Aufrecht was a better man, if he would come forward. Professor Müller in turn states that there is no university in Europe which would not be proud to secure Mr. Cowell's services as Professor of Sanskrit,-at the same time remarking that it is because the new professor is expected to teach the modern languages of India, that he, Professor Müller, does not enter the lists against Mr. Cowell. When we come to the question of paramount importance, namely, comparative philology, we learn from Professor Müller's lengthy testimonial in Mr. Cowell's favour that this gentleman possesses "what is most essential—the stock-in-trade, viz., a sound knowledge of Greek, Latin, and Sanskrit," and is "familiar with the results that have been obtained by Bopp, Pott, Benfey, Curtius, and others." On the other hand, three out of these four great names appear in Professor Aufrecht's list as giving testimonials to his skill in comparative philology, and there seems no question that so far as the two candidates have been tried up to the present time, the Edinburgh professor has made a very much larger mark in this branch than the late Principal of the Government Sanskrit College. Either will evidently be a valuable man to have, and there is definite ground on which every one of the electors may make a deliberate choice. May the interests of comparative philology prevail, which ever decision may best further those interests.

It was proposed at the last congregation to appoint a syndicate, which shall discuss certain important mooted changes in the Mathematical Tripos Examination. Owing to some accidental omission, the list of names was felt to be not quite satisfactory, and so the grace was withdrawn to be amended, probably to be speedily brought forward again in a form which

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can offend no susceptibilities. It seems that the number and magnitude of the subjects for the great examination in mathematics has become something overwhelming, and most men are tempted to do a little of one subject and a little of another, in the hope of getting hold by chance of something that will "pay." A few years ago one or two subjects were, on this account, cut out; but as fresh branches of physics are continually being reduced to mathematical laws, the course of reading for the Tripos is continually being widened by the partial introduction of such branches of study. It is, therefore, now proposed to form five divisions of subjects, of which the first shall have 4,000 marks assigned to it, covering the entire range of reading of almost all candidates below the first twenty or thirty wranglers. The remaining divisions, mainly for the very highest men alone, are so arranged as to make it better to take in one compact and homogeneous group thoroughly, than to dissipate energy and lose the power which completeness gives, by wandering over small portions of two or three divisions. These four divisions would have about 7,500 marks among them, being at the rate of 2,000 each, with 1,500 for the division consisting of heat, electricity, magnetism, and one branch of mathematics whose very title is unintelligible to ordinary mortals. Besides this, problems would have, by this scheme, from 4,000 to 6,000 marks, and-a very wise proposal -one of the present problem papers would be given up.

It is impossible to pass by without laudatory comment the lecture delivered in the Senate House last week by Mr. Ruskin. Nothing could have been more excellent and suggestive than those portions of his remarks which addressed themselves specially to the graduates and undergraduates of the University respectively. And, on the other hand, no lecturer could well desire a larger, more influential, or more appreciative audience than that which listened to Mr. Ruskin-listened, unfortunately, not without fatiguing physical effort, for the lecturer's words did not travel so far and so clearly as the more distant of his

hearers could have wished.

The Times has been getting Professor Fawcett into something like a scrape. That journal reported him as having said in the House of Commons that the majority of the resident members of this University are in favour of abolishing religious disabilities. On this, the Master of Jesus, the Vice-Master of Trinity, and the Tutor of Corpus called upon Mr. Fawcett to substantiate or withdraw the assertion. Mr. Fawcett answers that he said nothing of the kind, and that, in fact, he invariably admits that the majority of the resident members are in favour of retaining religious disqualifications. It was a sort of mistake that Mr. Fawcett might have felt bound to correct when it first appeared, if he had happened to hear that the Times had so reported him, for it made most strongly for his side of the question, and it stated a definite untruth.

FINE ARTS.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION.

(THIRD NOTICE.)

To whatever cause we may attribute the decline of pictorial art since the glory of those days when a Raphael or Titian could reap immortal fame, one fact is certain, that the modern painter's road to popularity lies far and wide from that which the old masters followed in their time. The loftier his aim, the longer he must be content to wait, not only for reputation, but for a livelihood; whereas, if he but condescend to pander to public taste by representing the prettiness, the trivial common-places or the facetiæ of every-day life, he is sure to find a ready market for his pictures and a species of renown which makes his name a household word, while his betters linger in obscurity. Mr. E. Nicol is an artist the sentiment of whose conceptions is certainly of no high order. His subjects invariably depend for their interest on the grotesque incidents rather than on the poetical aspect of humble life. Cleverly as many portions of his "Country Booking Office" (255) are painted, one cannot help regretting that so much ability and manipulative skill should have been wasted on a picture which after all is little better than a large and carefully-studied caricature. As an extreme contrast to such work as this in choice of theme as well as in conditions of effect and method of execution we may mention the "Cupid and Psyche" (264) of Mr. Legros. Here we have an evident attempt to revive the spirit of early Italian art, and though the defects of the school have been imitated with more success than its excellences, we must give the artist due credit for the care and refinement with which he has modelled his figures, representing as they do an ideal of human beauty rather than of celestial grace.

Mr. Orchardson's portrait of Miss Pettie (249), a lady in a black dress, seated at a piano, though somewhat unfortunate in expression, is treated, as a picture, in a broad and masterlike mannerworthy of the hand which a few years ago asserted, and has since

maintained, distinctive and highly-commendable characteristics. Mr. O'Neil's "Incident in the Monustic Life of Luther at Erfurt" (271), is perhaps superior in some technical qualities to the "Death of Raphael," which he exhibited last year, but as a composition, and in the study of individual character, it ranks far below it. The sentiment of this picture is too cheap to enlist the sympathies of any one but a school-girl. The theatrical group of choristers, with their newly-washed albs, the affected expression of Luther himself, and the arrangement of the whole scene, remind one of a drawing-room tableau. The same fault may no doubt be found with the work of artists who have won more laurels than Mr. O'Neil. But then, in some cases we have to put into the opposite scale an artistic grace which is at present beyond the reach of his brush. This is the case with Millais's "Jephthah" (289), which, judged as a pictorial realization of the biblical story, is almost ludicrous. The Gileadite chief might have been studied from a retired life-guardsman. His daughter might have come to him flushed with dancing in a May-fair drawing-room. Even the black slave looks like a modern American nurse, posed to play her part. In a word, there is nothing in the character of these heads—in the costume or accessories of the picture-which lend it even dramatic reality. Yet the delicacy and consummate skill of its execution are worthy of the highest praise. Mr. Millais bas painted quite long enough now to know his forte. He should be either content to limit his efforts to that field in which he has so well deserved his spurs; or, if he must paint "historical" pictures, he should adopt a course of study which hitherto he has apparently neg-

Mr. Hook is, perhaps, rather too much of a specialist. Year after year he treats us to one and the same class of subjects, handled in a manner which enables any one to identify his work at a glance. The "Herrings from Banff" (292), a group of fishermen emptying nets in their boat alongside of a quay, is an excellent specimen of his skill; but, remembering as we do to what good account he turned the picturesque side of Cornish mining life some years ago, and the charming inland landscapes with which his earliest fame was associated, we trust he will leave the blue jackets and the briny deep for change of air and scene this summer. Mr. Yeames sends a large picture, "The Dawn of the Reformation" (304), treated, as far as execution is concerned, more in accordance with the spirit of early art than anything we have yet seen from his brush. Wycliffe standing at the convent door is sending off "the poor priests," his disciples, with translations of the Bible to "preach throughout the land." Many of the heads are full of earnest character—the least effective, perhaps, being that of Wycliffe himself. But the whole work is a most vigorous performance; and, compared with the sickly efforts of the pseudoreligious school of art represented by older associates of the Royal Academy, is a pleasing evidence that the taste of that body and of the public generally is advancing.

What can we say of Mr. Cope's "Shylock and Jessica" (312), but

that it is common-place in conception, crude in colour, and chalky in its flesh tints; that, with all its elaboration of costumes and accessories, it is an uninteresting and even vulgar picture? This may sound harsh criticism, but so long as Royal Academicians challenge comparison with the work of younger men which is too often thrust out of sight that their own productions may hang on the line, the truth must be told. We only wish that, constantly

repeated as it is, it might have more effect.
"The Trio" (317) is an agreeable and cleverly-painted little picture of a musical party in the costume of the 17th century, by Mr. A. W. Cooper. "Evening" (319), a smaller, less ambitious, but, nevertheless, artistic and powerful study by Mr. J. J. Lee, of a group of girls singing before an organ by candlelight, well deserves attention, and is luckily not hung too far below the line to escape notice. To painters, if not to the general public, one of the most attractive pictures in this room is Mr. Pettie's "Treason," (322), a group of conspirators-soldiers, courtiers, and ecclesiastics -plotting in eager conference over a scheme, which reduced to black and white, lies on the table before them. Every quality of excellence which recommends itself to the educated eye, the treatment of form, colour, composition, arrangement of light and shade, expression of character, and life-like action, combine in this picture to form a most effective scene, and we have no hesitation in pronouncing it not only one of the gems of the Exhibition, but, (so far as we remember his works) Mr. Pettie's chef d'œuvre.

Mr. Prinsep's "Miriam watching the infant Moses" (326), is hung above the line, but seems too broadly handled to suffer from this elevation. To his more important picture, "A Venetian Gaming-house in the 16th century," we shall refer by-and-by. The appeal to Protestant sympathies and Protestant pockets which is so continually made by Exhibitors at the Royal Academy, reaches a climax of absurdity on the coarsely-painted canvas of Mr. A. B. Houghton. We would ask Mr. Houghton what possible object of art or religious sentiment he wishes to fulfil, in portraying such a revolting group of heads as those which appear in his picture (332).

Under the title of "Gloaming" (337) Mr. C. J. Lewis exhibits a powerfully-coloured landscape with an effect of early morning light by the banks of a sedgy stream -a group of sportsmen and a flight of wild fowl-all well managed, with the exception of a little paintiness in his sky. If Mr. Horsley had never given us anything better than his "Duenna and her Cares" (338), one might pass it over as one of those many uninteresting works about which it is utterly impossible to say anything particuler, whether in praise or censure; but his brush has been so much better employed in previous years that we are really astonished at his allowing himself

to be represented by so poor a specimen of his skill. The Duenna's head has a certain stagey character which is telling. As for the rest of the picture, the least said about it the better.

Mr. Wyburd gives an attractive title, "The Last Day in the Old Room" (352), to an attractive little study of a pretty girl in a Puritan cap and kerchief, surrounded by the appointments and furniture of a bedchamber in Charles I.'s time. There is more of simple pathos in this work—small as it is—than can be conveyed by its name or description; the accessories have been most carefully studied, and the whole is evenly painted and in excellent keeping. Mr. Calderon's "Home after Victory" (356)—a stalwart knight of the fifteenth century returning unscathed from war or tournament, loaded with honour and the caresses of his wife and mother, who have gone to the town gates to meet him, while his aged father welcomes him with open arms, and his trusty squire and kinswoman bring up the rear—is a lifelike scene, painted with perhaps less finish, but with certainly not less vigour, than this accomplished painter has displayed in previous works; while the size of the picture and the excellent place which has been deservedly allotted to it make it one of the most notable on the walls.

For literal portraiture of nature there is nothing more careful than Mr. Holman Hunt's "Festival of St. Swithin" (364)—the feathered inmates of a pigeon-house overtaken by a storm of driving rain. The birds, some half sheltered by the dripping eaves, others braving the wet with draggled wings outside, are admirably painted; the landscape, though a little metallic in colour of foliage here and there, is studied with extraordinary care,—while the pigeon-house roof stands out with a solidity which is almost startling. With all these merits of execution before us, one is tempted to ask, What is the object of such a picture? It embodies no sentiment, points no moral, and, except perhaps in a severe drought, is certainly no very agreeable object to contemplate. In short, it has nothing but its realism to recommend it.

In spite of the large space which it occupies, a space which we sincerely wish was filled by some smaller but better pictures, which are "skyed and floored" on the Academy walls this year, we must pass over in silence Mr. Hart's "Submission of the Emperor Barbarossa to Pope Alexander III." (378). To say the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, of such a work, we should have to say much that might be unpleasant. We would only beg our readers to remember one remarkable fact, which the author has pointed out in the catalogue, viz.:—that "the background of the picture represents the actual scene in which the ceremony took place." It is also worthy of note, that not long ago Mr. Hart was professor of painting at the Royal Academy.

Mr. J. Faed's "Old Age" (382), a decrepit, night-capped cottager in corduroys—with a Bible, red pocket-handkerchief, &c., waited on by an affectionate little grand-daughter, somewhat too conscious of her kindness—is one of the many scenes of humble rustic life which this skilful painter brings before us year by year. But with all its cleverness—and that it is admirably painted few critics will deny—this is an uninteresting picture. Its sentiment is a false sentiment. It stands in the same relation to the poetry of rural life as Mrs. Barbauld's stories do to the moral bearing of little boys and girls. They would affect us deeply, but somehow we do not quite believe in them.

We must not quit the "Middle Room" without at least mentioning a few more works which in truth deserve a longer notice, Among these is Mr. G. A. Storey's "After You" (288), a couple of Jacobean gentlemen, bowing each other into an open door. "Looking Sea-ward" (394), a modest but deftly painted bit of rocky coast, with figures by Mr. J. B. Grahame; and Mr. Ansdell's "Plain of Granada" (397), a Spanish travelling party with mules, &c., stopping at a wayside "Calvary." Nor can we forget Mr. Leighton's exquisitely graceful quartet (405), of the Cadiz dancing-girl and her audience, wrong as we must think it in colour and finish. Mr. L. S. Pott's "Defence" (404), a Cavalier with his family attacked in their mansion from without; an excellent portrait group of children by Mr. A. Hughes (418); and the kneeling female figure called "May" (419), in the catalogue, from the masterly brush of Mr. G. F. Watts, must complete our list for the present.

MUSIC

The first performance of Mr. Joseph Barnby's Choir, at St. James's Hall, on Thursday week, promised well for the future of this new institution. The chorus numbers about two hundred and forty voices, excellent in quality of tone, well in tune, and exact and accurate in execution—with a good observance of the lights and shades of piano and forte. These qualities were manifested in various madrigals and part-songs, and especially in the unaccompanied eight-part pieces, Mendelssohn's psalm, "Judge me, O God," and Bach's motett, "I wrestle and pray" (Ich lasse dich nicht). From so large and efficient a choir, well trained and conducted as it is by Mr. Barnby, we may anticipate some interesting performances during the ensuing season, to commence in the autumn. At the concert of Thursday week, the programme included some clever pianoforte playing by Miss Agnes Zimmermann, and vocal solos by Madame Maria Vilda and Mr. Sims Reeves.

An extra performance by Mr. Henry Leslie's choir was given yesterday (Friday) week for the director's benefit. The choral singing exhibited the same refinement and finish that have so long secured for this choir a special and exclusive position. The effect of two or three of the pieces (especially Mendelssohn's hymn, "Hear my

prayer") was somewhat marred by the substitution of a pianoforte instead of an organ accompaniment—the latter instrument being in that state of temporary derangement technically called "ciphering"—a term in this case not having any arithmetical signification, but implying a persistent, continuous sound on the part of the refractory instrument.

Of the Opera-houses there has been nothing to record during the past week. At the Royal Italian Opera House, "Don Giovanni" has been twice postponed, owing to the indisposition of Mdlle. Adelina Patti, whose Zerlina forms one of the most marked features in the opera. The performance was again promised for last night (Friday).

The miscellaneous benefit concerts now taking place are too numerous even for record; one of the most important was that of Herr Pauer yesterday (Friday) week. Besides his excellent performance of Mendelssohn's second pianoforte trio (in conjunction with Herren Straus and Grützmacher), Herr Pauer introduced several of his own compositions, including his sonata for piano and violin (already published), and three new solo pieces—a "Nocturne," a "Rondo grazioso" ("Rondo brillant" would perhaps have been a more fitting title), and a "transcription" of Bach's chaconne from his solo violin sonata in D minor. In the latter piece Herr Pauer has, after the manner of Lizst, rather produced a free and elaborate fantasia suggested by the subject referred to, than such a reproduction of the original, in a translated shape, as the term "transcription" implies. This has been done by Herr Pauer in a masterly manner—suggestions and incidental traits of the original being carried through a series of amplifications and brilliant passages of modern mechanism, in which the skilful musician and the highly cultivated executive artist are equally manifested. Herr Pauer's admirable performance of this was a special feature of the concert.

Messrs. Louis and Adolph Ries—nephews of the well-known composer Ferdinand Ries—the one an excellent violinist, the other an accomplished pianist, gave their annual concert on Wednesday morning. In a difficult fantasia by Vieuxtemps, and in the first violin part of Beethoven's sixth quartet, Mr. L. Ries displayed high qualities both as a solo and as a concertante-player—while his brother proved himself a sound as well as brilliant pianist by his performance of the leading part in F. Ries' pianoforte quartet in E flat, Op. 17, and in Mendelssohn's variations for two performers, Op. 83, being admirably seconded in the latter by Herr Pirscher.

THE LONDON THEATRES.

A NEW and capacious amphitheatre, constructed to hold nearly 2,000 persons, and devoted to horse-riding and light dramas, was opened on Saturday night, with the usual success which always attends a new theatrical enterprise. The walls were damp, and the lobbies smelt earthy, but the audience was numerous and enthusiastic. The house has been built in a few months, and at a very moderate cost—about £10,000—upon the site of an unsuccessful horse-repository, which stood nearly opposite the Inns of Court Hotel, in Holborn. The place failed as a horse market, and it remains to be seen whether it will thrive as a horse theatre, the chief point in its favour being the absence of all competition in London. Paris supports three permanent circuses, and there is scarcely a capital in Europe which is without a building of this character, but Londoners for several years since the conversion of Astley's into a theatre have been compelled to go to Cremorne Gardens and the Agricultural Hall for horse-riding, and to the various music-halls for ground and lofty tumbling. There can be no question that a very genuine taste exists in England for gymnastic performances, which is not fostered, as it is in France and Germany, by gymnastic schools, and if the feats of the circus have an air of sameness to the older playgoers, a generation soon springs

up to whom they have the charm of novelty. This new Holborn circus is light and elegant, remarkably well ventilated, well lighted, and well arranged. The outline is oval, the stage, with a depth of about thirty feet, is at one end, the ring is in the centre of the pit, and visible from all parts of the house, and the seats rise round it in consecutive sincles. The first balcony and the seats rise round it in concentric circles. The first balcony is backed by a ring of private boxes, arranged much in the same fashion as the dress-circle boxes at the Adelphi, a plan copied, we believe from the same that the same tha believe, from the opera-house at Brussels. The royal box, as at German and other foreign theatres, is in the centre of this dresscircle, commanding a front view of the stage, instead of a front view of the prompter's cupboard. A single gallery, magnificently called an amphitheatre, and containing three rings of seats, rises above this balcony, and the house is converged. balcony, and the house is consequently somewhat squat in appearance. The lobbies are very narrow, and there is a want of ante-room accommodation, but the auditorium has ample width and length. Mr. McCollum, the chief manager, who about fifteen years ago was a daring and graceful gymnastic rider, has engaged a very excellent equestrian company. His band might be strengthened with advantage; and he should get a better farce written, and prevent the burning of so much villanous saltpetre in the shape of fire-works under the nose of "Zamor, the fire-horse"—the effect being apparently much more disagreeable to the audience than to "Zamor." Holborn, with its continuation, Oxford-street, is now almost as important a theatrical thoroughfare as the Strand has long been. A few more new theatres, well and cheaply constructed, will make the older managers a little more energetic, and the older landlords a little less rapacious in their notions of rental.

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MONEY AND COMMERCE.

THE MONEY MARKET.

FRIDAY MORNING.

THE influx of gold being even more rapid than had been anticipated, and the foreign exchanges showing continued firmness, the money market has become very easy. At their weekly Court yesterday, the Directors of the Bank of England, after some deliberation, reduced their rate of discount from 3 per cent., at which it was fixed on the 7th of February, to 2½. The alteration was generally anticipated, and hence the announcement had little effect on the Stock Exchange. According to custom, yesterday being Ascension-day, the Court sat at two o'clock instead of twelve, so that the reduction was only made known towards the close of business hours.

The question now remains whether this movement will not be followed by a further decline. During the past week, about £573,000 in foreign bullion has been taken to the Bank, without reckoning any sums that may have been received from the internal circulation. Fresh arrivals are daily reported, and these also will in all probability be retained here. The enormous accumulation at the Bank of France forbids the likelihood that any withdrawals of gold will take place from our Bank for Paris, and there is no other quarter to which specie to any important extent can possibly be sent. A few small amounts of silver for India and China form the total. Some shipments will as usual be made to Brazil and Egypt, but we regularly get back nearly as much as we export. It seems, therefore, almost certain that money will every day become more plentiful, particularly as we have still to record the absence of any material revival in trade. The distaste for new joint-stock companies is as marked as ever. Now and then a solitary prospectus may appear, but it falls completely dead; nor are foreign loans much more favourably regarded. Thus the supply in the discount market shows a steady tendency to increase, and it would create no surprise if in the course of a few weeks the rate should again go down to 2 per cent.

The reduction of the minimum to a point below 3 per cent. has revived the discussion whether it is advisable at any time for the Bank to charge less than that rate. The arguments on the one hand are that the Bank will not thereby increase their discount business, which is undeniably true, and that the adoption of lower terms will foster a spirit of speculation, which is exceedingly doubtful. On the other side, it is said that the policy of the Bank should always be governed by the regular course of the money market, and that much practical inconvenience would attend the departure from this rule. The supporters of the latter course have the greatest right on their side, and for many years back the conduct of the Bank has been strictly maintained on these principles.

The upward movement in the stock markets continues, favoured by the increasing abundance of money, and the fineness of the weather, which promises so well for the crops that little or no expectation can be entertained of an export of specie in the autumn to pay for foreign grain. The prices of all classes of securities have been rising. The present period of the year is always watched with much anxiety, since, whether rightly or not, it is considered to afford decisive proof of the probable abundance or deficiency of the harvest. On this occasion, the salutary change from the cold and frost of last week has dispelled the apprehensions that were previously felt. Nothing checks an advance in the quotations for public securities so much as a prospective drain of gold, and a deficient harvest is the most certain of all causes to produce it. This was more frequently shown in former years than now. The opening of the ports in 1846 was certainly followed by a large import of wheat, and other cereals from the United States, whence it was expected that we should derive the greater part, if not the whole, of our supplies. These imports were, to a considerable extent, paid for in manufactures. On the other hand, numerous cargoes were sent from Russia and other half-civilized countries, for which, directly or indirectly, we had to pay in specie. The same result was witnessed when the civil war in the United States compelled our manufacturers to seek for cotton in other quarters of the globe. Egypt, Brazil, Bombay, and Turkey furnished large amounts, but in one shape or another demanded specie in exchange. Latterly, they have better learnt the principles and advantages of modern trade, and have, consequently, been more inclined to accept manufactured goods. Hence, supposing that we should have to import corn, the export of bullion would be proportionately decreased, but, notwithstanding, would still be considerable. According to all appearances, however, this contingency is now obviated.

While consols have been advancing, nearly all other securities are also higher. Even foreign stocks, towards which the public have, for a long time past, manifested such extreme distrust, find purchasers at increased prices. It is true that the chief demand is still for those bonds which are issued by Governments having the surest credit—a proof of discrimination not often shown by the public at large. Yet some of the more speculative descriptions are inquired for, particularly Spanish Passive and Certificates, on the announcement that a comprehensive financial measure is about to be introduced in the Cortes which will effect a settlement of these long outstanding liabilities, together with a unification of the entire foreign debt of the country. Following the example of Turkey two years ago in her conversion scheme, the operation contemplated by the Spanish Ministry is sure to involve the introduction of a new loan, with what result we have yet to see. It might be supposed that English capitalists would feel no great inclination to lend to the reactionary and not over-safe Government of Queen Isabella; but with the existing plethora of uninvested capital, it is not at all impossible that this objectionable feature of the plan will be successfully carried out.

A salutary change is steadily taking place in railway affairs. The financial difficulties caused by the crisis of last year have thoroughly roused the shareholders, and for the first time in railway history they are resolutely looking after their own interests-The latest illustration is that offered by the Milland. This company (or rather the board) desired to construct certain branches and enter upon new works, involving a large outlay of capital. These projects met with considerable opposition from the proprietors, but it nevertheless appeared that the directors were determined to carry them through at all hazards. On Wednesday, however, at a crowded meeting held at Derby, the directors wisely gave way upon all, or nearly all, the objectionable points, and thus once more shareholders have had their way. It will be strange if the example will not be followed in every railway company of the kingdom, to the manifest advantage of all concerned. It has required a great deal to awaken shareholders to the ruinous consequences of an extravagant outlay of capital in unprofitable "contractors' lines;" but the object has at length been accomplished. There is at present only a fear of a rush in the opposite extreme. If directors were once treated with too implicit a confidence, they should not be looked upon now with an excessive and perhaps undeserved distrust.

THE quotation of gold at Paris is about at par, and the short exchange on London is 25·17½ per £1 sterling. On comparing these rates with the English Mint price of £3. 17s. 10½d. per ounce for standard gold, it appears that gold is at about the same price in London and Paris.

The course of exchange at New York on London for bills at 60 days' sight was on the 25th lost, about 109 per cent. At this rate there is scarcely any profit on the importation of gold from the United States.

The directors of the London and Westminster Bank have made known that at the next half-yearly meeting in July they will propose to double the capital of the company. At present there are 50,000 shares of 100 each having £20 paid, and a market value of about £95, or £75 premium. The second issue will be precisely the same, and the £20 per share is to be called up within eighteen months. The price of issue is to be £10 premium only, and the shares are to be offered to the present proprietors share per share. The nominal capital will thus be raised to £10,000,000, and the working capital to £2,000,000.

Most of the railway traffic returns published this week show a considerable comparative falling off, in consequence of the corresponding returns for last year including the traffic of Whit week. The London and North-Western return shows a decrease of £10,681, and the Midland a decrease of £3,255.

A new insurance company has been started in Manchester under the title of the British Imperial Investment Corporation (Limited).

A prospectus has been issued of the Haytian Estates, Coffee, and General Plantation Company, with a capital of £300,000, in shares of £5, to purchase timber and other estates in Hayti, for which £140,000 is to be paid, two-thirds in shares and one-third in cash.

A prospectus has been issued of the Seragunge Jute Company (Limited), with a capital of £65,000, in shares of £10, to take over the business and assets and liabilities of the Eastern Bengal Jute Company.

At the late meeting of the English Bank of Rio de Janeiro (Limited) the net profit for the year was stated at £52,108. A dividend of 6s. per share, free of income tax, amounting to £15,000, was paid in November last, and it is intended to divide a similar amount on the 10th of June next, making a total distribution of 6 per cent. for the year. The balance—£22,108—is to be carried to the reserve

The half-yearly dividend due the 1st of June on the Swedish Provincial Four per Cent. Mortgage Loan is advertised for payment in due course by Messrs. Dent, Palmer, & Co.

REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

THE THIRD EDITION OF THE SABRINÆ COROLLA.

THERE was one point at least in which, according to Moschus, the herbs and flowers were better off than man, for they

υστερον αν ζωσιτι, και είς έτος άλλο φύσντι.

This power of new life is eminently seen in a collection of flowers, well known as "Sabrinæ Corolla," and gathered "in hortulis regiæ scholæ Salopiensis." We have lately had serious thoughts of keeping a sprightly paragraph in standing type, suitable for commencing reviews of new volumes of Latin and Greek verse; but we have not made preparations for one adapted to the announcement of fresh editions. What will Mr. Farrar say when the British public thus demands a new issue of specimens of classical verse? After his recently published lecture, which poured forth at least seven vials of wrath upon the custom of this verse-writing in our schools, there ought to have been a tacit repudiation of such a wasteful pursuit. Drs. Kennedy and Holden ought to have felt like those who used curious arts, and should have burned their books. But Dr. Kennedy seems rather to have "counted the price of them," and to have decided that it would pay to bring out a new edition of the "Sabrine Corolla" For our own part we are very glad to welcome the old friend with a new face; for we were beginning to have an uneasy surmise that these were to be the days in which many apprentices in Latin and Greek verse were to come forward, but not many masters,

πολλοί μέν ναρθηκοφόροι, βάκχοι δέ τε παύροι.

There seemed to be a startling inequality of merit in recently published collections, a growing tendency to over-ambitious effort, a modernizing spirit which carried the adventurous climber up Parnassus in a nineteenth-century coat and trousers, and taught him to filter the Aonian spring ou principles of modern science.

Such complaints are likely enough to be set down to the prejudices of "irresponsible, indolent reviewers," but it may be that a sufficient number will echo them, and will join us as welcoming very cordially the reprint of the "Sabring Corolla." Though it is somewhat invidious to compare on general grounds volumes which are the works of so many hands, it seems only fair to say that for evenuess of excellence and for refined scholarship the present volume is at any rate "prima inter pares," if not "velut inter ignes Luna minores." It is not without reason that Shrewsbury School is supposed to bear away the palm for accurate scholarship. Such generalizations are of course at best but rough views of the truth, and a succeeding generation of schoolboys may seem to belie the reputation of the previous one. But as such a broadly stated fact, we believe that the claim of Shrewsbury is unchallenged. And certainly the "Sabringe Corolla" can bring forward a most for-midable list of contributors. Among the choicest specimens may be quoted the bold and powerful compositions of Mr. Hugh Munro, the learned editor of "Lucretius;" the Attic niceties of Mr. Shilleto; the skilful defenses of Mr. Thomas Evans's Latin and the pointed simplicity of Mr. Greek verses; the graceful flow and classic spirit of Mr. James Riddell's contributions (in this edition, alas! memorials as well as specimens of his scholarship); and last, but not least, the results of Dr. Kennedy's versatile genius, a scholar truly "doctus sermones utriusque linguæ."

Under such auspices the "Sabrinæ Corolla" first appeared seventeen years ago, modestly announcing itself as a humble imitator rather than as a rival of the "Anthologia Oxoniensis" and "Arundines Cami." It was all the difference between the prestige of one small school and two great universities. "Eandem viam insistimus," declared the editors, "non æmulantes nos quidem; inter duos enim celeberrimas orbis terrarum Academias unumque Ludum Litterarium æmulatio esse potest nulla;" their desire was to prove that the Muses "in Sabrinæ etiam ripis aliquando vestigia posuisse." In 1859 a new edition was demanded, and this was to prove itself "haud paullo probabilior quam anteà fuit lec'oribus nostris, paucis illis quidem, sed doctis, elegantibus, humanis." This latest issue of all, which lies before us in a tasteful and handy form, puts forward a new claim to popularity as being fuller and cheaper, "multo auctoriorem et minore tamen pretio venalem." It is also to some extent "emendation;" and the few alterations that a brief comparison of the two last editions gives are generally the happy touches of final polish, which every copy of Greek and Latin verse seems, especially to the writer, endlessly to invite. As a specimen of these may be quoted the first stanza of Campbell's well-known "Battle of Hohenlinden." In the edition of 1859 the version runs :-

"Intaminata canduerat nive,
Vergente Phœbo, Lindenium nemus,
Brumæque liventes tenebris
Ibat agens celer amnis undas."

In the new edition the amended stanza is given thus :-

"Canum incruenta stabat adhuc nive, Vergente Phæbo, Lindinium nemus, Brumæque caligantis instar, Ibat agens celer amnis undas." Here, no doubt, the substitution of the picturesque and classical "stabat" is a decided advance upon the "canducrat" of 1859.

Dr. Kennedy seems to be most diffident of his own compositions. "Erat quod tollere velles" is evidently his motto on sundry occasions, rather than ὂτι γέγραφα γέγραφα. We cannot find space for specimens, but the result is important, as showing to how careful a revision the whole volume has been subjected. Indeed, as a characteristic mark of conscientiousness, we may refer to a translation from Bryant (p. 293), "The ground squirrel gaily chirps by his den," which Dr. Holden renders:—

" Pipilat exultans silvestre sciurus ad antrum;"

and lest the keen critic should be offended by the juxtaposition of "silvestre" and "sciurus," which violates a rule of Augustan prosody, the following somewhat majestic footnote is appended—"Quantitatem syllabæ defendit necessitas ineluctabilis"! For our own part, we doubt if "sciurus" is really an invincible necessity, for Bryant must mean, not the squirrel of our acquaintance, but the little creature familiarly known down West as the "prairiedog."

Among other fresh contributions to the present volume are passages from both the Brownings, from "Enoch Arden," from the idyl of "Vivien," from "Love and Duty." Here is a scrap from the last of these, the work of Dr. Kennedy, "Could Love part

thus?"-

"Sic faerit divulsus amor? Qua culpa loquentum?
Crimen erat quantum non tacuisse semel?
Crimen erat nullum. Sed tempora tarda moventur
Dum portant homini quæ bona cunque juvant:
Quæ mala cunque angunt portantia tarda moventur,
Dumque bonas referunt post mala longa vices.
Et noctem nobis, qua soli sedimus una,
Hæc eadem, quamvis tarda, tulere tamen,
Cam desiderium, quod pectore surgit ab imo,
Prodidit obtutu vultus uterque suo;
Prodidit et lacrimis. Nulli bis contigit ardor
Ille, neque hoc fletu bis maduere geræ.
Oscula succedunt, quæque ultima, prima videntur,
Et dictura Vale lingua susurrat Have."

A change in this edition has been made by the omission of two versions of Lucy, "By the springs of Dove," and in the place of them Dr. Kennedy gives us a peculiarly graceful and simple rendering of his own into Anacreontic verse, to which metre the original is peculiarly adapted:—

Οϊμοις ἐν ἀστιβήτοις κρήνησι πὰρ πελείης κούρη τις ἦν, παρώκει δ' ἐπαινέσων μὲν οὐδεὶς παῦροι δέ μιν φιλοῦντες. ἴον γὰρ ὡς φανέν τι πέτρης ὑπὲκ μελαίνης, καλὴ δ' ὅπως τις ἀστὴρ μόνος φλέγων δί αἰθρης, ἔζη βίον λαθραῖον, παῦροι δ' ἐπησθάνοντο τῆς παρθένου Θανούσης. καὶ τὴν μὲν εἶλε τύμβος ἐμοὶ δ' ὅσον λέλοιπεν αῖ αῖ πόθον τὶς οἶδε;

Mr. Shilleto has given us among the sacred pieces a translation into monostich trochaics of the "Te Deum," of which we quote the beginning:—

Α. εὐλογοῦντες ὡς θεὸν σὲ Δεσπότην γνωρίζομεν.

Β. τον δι' αίωνος σε Πατέρα χθών άπασα προσκυνεί.

Α. πας ανωλόλυξε δαίμων ουρανός θ' δ τ ων ανω.

Β. καὶ μάλ' εὐφήμως βοῶντες διατελοῦσιν οἱ θεοί.
 Α. ἀγνὸν, ἀγνὸν ὦ σέβας Θεοῦ Δέσποθ' ἀγνὲ δεσποτῶν.

Β. οὐρανόν τε γῆν τ' ἔπλησε δόζ' ὑπερτάτη σέθεν.

Α. εὐλογεῖ σ' ύμνοις ὁ κλεινὸς τῶν Αποστόλων στόλος.

Β. εὐλογεῖ δὲ καὶ προφητών εὐσεθής ὁμιλία.

In the last line but one we cannot help thinking that there is an unpleasant, because unmeaning, ring between 'Αποστόλων and

στόλος. Here are a few flowers plucked from the fresh-blossoming garland; but a sadder interest is added to this volume, which mingles the cypress with the brighter hues of the "Corolla." For it has to record the loss of James Riddell, Fellow of Balliol College, whose hands had helped to weave the original chaplet for the honour of his old school. How Oxford and Shrewsbury joined in admiring and loving, and now in deploring him, let Dr. Kennedy record in his touching preface. "Cum jam sub prœlo esset bæc Editio Tertia, unus isque natu minimus ex tribus viris qui Floribus Legendis fuerant, Jacobus Riddell, A.M., Collegi Balliolensis Socius, mortalitatem explevit. Qui qua indole virtutis fuerit, qua morum sanctitate, quam modesta constantia, quam suavi humanitate, quam accurata denique et eleganti doctrina, sciunt Oxoniensis sui, eumque pari ac nos, præceptor ejus et condiscipulus, amore, luctu, desiderio prosequantur. Είρηνη τῷ είρηναίψ." These words will find their echo. And we are well assured, to come back to the contents of our book again, that the new doubly-valued We had most a your is ciation short

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^{*} Sabrinæ Corolla. Editio Tertia. London: Bell & Daldy.

relics in this volume, signed "J.R," are among those most heartily appreciated by the contributors themselves, as specimens of exquisite scholarship. It will not be unwelcome to subjoin a last composition from Mr. Riddell's pen, which is included in a little book of his Nugæ Metricæ, just gathered by a college friend. It is a rendering of the familiar hymn, "There is a Land of Pure Delight:"—

" Sidereus locus est, animis datus ille beatis, Regnaque fatalem non subitura vicem. Infinita dies noctem radiantibus arcet Finibus, et luctum gaudia plena fugant. Ver ibi perpetuum; veris domus illa perennis; Splendet ibi florum non fugitivus honos. Has sed enim terras illis cælestibus arvis Mors velut angusti separat unda freti. Si tamen ambiguum detur pepulisse timorem, Qui tenebras infert, nec sinit esse diem, Et desiderium tandem explevisse tuendo Dilectam, nulla nube morante, plagam; Si ducis Hebræi speculas evadere ad altas Detur, et optatis visibus ante frui, Audeat et Jordanis aquas et frigora mortis Littoris impatiens ulterioris amor."

We have every reason to bid good speed to this book. True that most of its ingredients are what the Greek orator would call $a\gamma\omega\nu i\sigma\mu\alpha\tau a$; yet there is an excellence, and, now, a tender association, about the volume, that raises it into something not far short of the $\kappa\tau\tilde{\eta}\mu a$ is \dot{a} i.

LONDON CHARITIES.*

AT a time when the fortunes of the Dutch were at their lowest ebb, and irretrievable ruin seemed to impend over them, Charles II. is reported to have said that he felt sure they would succeed in the end, for Providence would never allow so charitable a people to be utterly crushed. To all who acquiesce in the theory of divine government involved in the royal argument the book now before us will preach a comfortable doctrine, one which may be satisfactorily set off against the querulous croakings of the augurs who recognise in the march of contemporary events the progress of our country towards decline and decay. The pages of Mr. Low's most useful little handbook contain the record of an unwearying benevolence, a noble liberality, of which we may be justly proud, and to which it would be difficult to find a rival elsewhere. Much has been said about the unexampled amount of distress in London, and much more must be said before public attention is sufficiently called to the subject and the evil is fairly attacked; but in drawing up an indictment against our metropolis and those who inhabit it, we ought not, in our eagerness to point out what has been left undone, to overlook what has been done.

There may be, and indeed there is, great neglect on the part of too many of our officials to avail themselves of the means they possess to remedy existing evils; great reluctance has been shown by too many of our legislators to grapple in earnest with the uninviting subject of pauperism; and the poor have, in too many cases, been made the victims of a dull despotism, against the brutality of which no voice can be too loudly raised. And nowhere has the working of the laws which affect the poor been more unfortunate in its results than in London. Against the system adopted in our workhouses a cry of suffering and of complaint has gone up for years to heaven, and has at last made itself audible even here upon earth. Like the dwellers by the cataracts of the Nile, we have been deafened by the roar of the mighty river of life which surges around us, so that until lately we have not heard the voice of wailing and loud lament which has so long been bearing witness against us. Such a voice might indeed have portended woe to us as a nation, if we had wilfully shut our ears against it, but it was ignorance and not malice which kept it from our notice. Now that we are become aware of its existence, it may fairly be hoped that we shall abolish the evils against which it testifies. Meanwhile, whatever may have been the shortcomings of our nation collectively, our individual efforts to alleviate distress and to diminish the gross amount of suffering have been so great, as to enable us successfully to refute any charge of wilful negligence or general want of sympathy, which an unfriendly critic might feel inclined to bring against us. We may have shown a pitiable slowness to comprehend the lesson which daily events were trying to teach, but there has never been a lack of kindly and generous feeling for those who are in danger, necessity, and tribulation; the eyes of our people may have been dim and the brain dull, but there has never been a want of genial warmth at the heart. If only the heart and head could act together in thorough unison and with perfect reciprocity, we might hope even in our own days to see the ominous stain removed which at present pauperism entails upon the garb in which our modern civilization displays itself before the eyes of the world.

We have no means of judging of the amount contributed each year throughout the kingdom for charitable purposes, but Mr. Low's handbook gives us an accurate account of the sums which flow in to the metropolitan charities. In the year 1861, Mr. Low calculated that there were in London upwards of 640 institutions

of that nature. Of these about 80 were religious societies, and about as many more were devoted to educational purposes. The medical charities were about 120 in number, and there were about as many asylums for the poor and aged. The sum total of the institutions for granting pecuniary relief in the shape of pensions or other regular allowances reached a somewhat similar amount. The remainder were intended to relieve the various forms which distress assumes, and could not well be classed under any other heading than that of miscellaneous. In 1861, their "year's income derived from voluntary contributions" was £1,600,594, and their "year's income, from dividends, property, or trade," was £841,373. So that their aggregate income amounted to £2,441,967. Since that time "108 institutions and funds have been added to the previous goodly $r\partial le$ of our metropolitan charities, which, allowing for some twenty that have been discontinued, completed, or amalgated with others, renders the increase a little under 15 per cent." The sums raised by these new institutions amount to about £270,000, so that the aggregate income of our London charities may now be set down as considerably over two millions and a half, more than two-thirds of which arise from voluntary annual contributions.

Every one who takes an interest in the poor, and ever attempts to assist individuals among them, should invest in a copy of Mr. Low's Handbook. It will save a world of trouble to all who wish to know where to send distressed persons in whose cases they are interested, and to the friends whom they are in the habit of consulting every time they have a client to provide for. Nothing is more common than to find people going about saying, "Can you tell me where to send a blind man I want to help?" or, "Do you happen to know of a good training college for idiots?" As a general rule those to whom such questions are addressed are obliged to answer them in the negative. Very few people have the requisite information stored away in their memories. Mr. Low's handbook would supply it in a moment. Let us take the case of the blind. Every one has a vague idea that there are several charities for their relief, but any precise knowledge of the subject is rare. The handbook at once points out sixteen distinct institutions of that nature, with many of which the general public is very little acquainted. Few persons, we imagine, are aware of the existence of the "Blind Man's Friend," which was founded by Mr. Charles Day, of the firm of Day & Martin. Blind himself, he left £100,000 for the benefit of totally blind persons, and there are now between 200 and 300 pensioners receiving from £12 to £20 a year from his fund. Again, if any one is interested in the deaf and dumb, he will find in the handbook an account of six charities to which he can apply, one of which, the "Asylum for the Support and Education of Deaf and Dumb Children," has an income of more than £12,000 a year, and maintains and assists in providing for as many children as there are days in the year. If we are desirous of helping a crippled child, we are referred to a "Cripples' Nursery," a "Cripples' Home," and an "Industrial Home for Crippled Boys," besides no less than three Orthopædic Hospitals, in which hundreds of cures have been effected which fully deserve the designation of marvellous. Those who have anything to do with seafaring men will be glad to hear of the existence of twentyeight societies and institutions for the benefit of sailors, and the friends and relatives of clergymen will take a special interest in the twenty-seven charities intended to assist the clergy of the Church of England, and the eleven others maintained for a similar purpose by various bodies of dissenters. There are eleven institutions devoted to servants, besides the schools of cookery which seem somewhat out of place in a manual of charities. Eleven funds are open to prisoners, and ten penitentiaries offer a home to the repentant criminal. Among the miscellaneous societies there are many which every one can take an interest in, and a few which appeal to the sympathies of a very limited circle of supporters. Among the former we may rank the "Invalids' and Sick Children's Dinner Table," intended to supply the convalescent poor with a good nourishing dinner, and the various Homes for ladies of limited income. Among the latter may be classed the "Association for the Improvement of Syrian Females," the "Patagonian Mission," and the "Trinitarian Bible Society." We are not quite sure in which division to place the "Home for Starving Dogs" but as it does a considerable amount of good, and annoys nobody but its neighbours in Hollingsworth-street, we may as well give it the benefit of the doubt, and any advantage which good society

may bring it. Among the numerous societies is one for the promotion of "Systematic Beneficence." If it could introduce anything like system into our charitable expenditure, it would be doing a good service indeed. At present, an enormous amount of energy, and vast sums of money are absolutely thrown away, on account of the unsystematic manner in which they are expended. Too many of our religious and charitable institutions appear to be kept up merely for the purpose of supporting a staff of secretaries and other officials. In too many cases the money which is dropped by the public into the treasury of the poor, is intercepted on its way by hands for which it was never intended. In others the advantages which were meant to be freely given have to be dearly purchased. In almost all cases of election, the friends of a candidate have to spend a large sum of money in canvassing a widespread body of governors. The postal expenses alone are so heavy that, in the case of some asylums, each time a child is elected a sum of money is spent in stamps which would have paid for its maintenance and education for years in a good middle-class school. We knew of a case not long ago in which, in order to secure a pension for an "incurable," it was necessary to spend in creating votes a sum which might have

The Charities of London; Comprising an Account of Operations, Resources, and General Condition of the Charitable, Educational, and Religious Institutions of London. By Sampson Low, Jun. A New Edition; with an Alphabetical Summary of the Whole, corrected to April, 1867, with Additions. London: Sampson Low & Co.

been almost as advantageously invested in purchasing a Government annuity. And that case was by no means an exceptional one. It is not pleasant to reflect that it has cost £150 to obtain for A from a charity what a company would probably have granted for a few pounds more, and to keep out B, who has perhaps spent nearly as much without getting anything for it, not to speak of C and D who have timorously ventured their little all in a hopeless struggle. There was an excellent article on this subject a few weeks ago in the Pall Mall Gazette, describing, among other things, the charity market in which some philanthropic busybodies drive a species of trade, exchanging "orphans" against "idiots," bargaining for "a decayed tradesman," depreciating a couple of "poor pious clergymen," or putting a fancy value upon a "licensed victualler." There are many buyers and sellers in the Temple of Charity whom it would be well to drive out, many a money-changer's stall which all who wish well to the poor would be glad to see upset. There seems to be no reason why many other charities should not follow the example set by the "Society for the Relief of Distress," the whole of whose expenses are defrayed by a guarantee committee, so that every shilling received from the public goes straight to the poor who are intended to benefit by it. We often wonder that subscribers can be found for some of the societies which seem to do little more than support a secretary; but the stream of public benevolence appears to be so inexhaustible that almost every claimant can obtain his share. If any one wishes fully to appreciate the breadth of its channel and the volume of its waves, he cannot do better than devote an hour to the study of Mr. Low's handbook. It will be difficult for the most cynical reader to rise from a perusal of it, without experiencing a sensation of respect for the age and the country in which he lives.

FORTY YEARS OF THE MOGHUL EMPIRE.*

A PHRASE very commonly misused on behalf of literary productions may fairly be applied to this respectable piece of history. It "meets a want." Those who have at all familiarized themselves with the history of Hindostan are aware that the period between the death of Aurungzeb and the fall of the Mahratta sovereignty is one on which no English writer has bestowed systematic labour. The story of Moghul vicissitudes, together with that of events in the Deccan up to the celebrated conflict of Paniput, found a worthy narrator in Mr. Mountstuart Elphinstone. The contests which were carried on by General Lake, and the feats of statesmanship associated with the name of Lord Wellesley, have been fitly recorded by the senior Mill, and by several other eminent writers. But any one who wished to link together these two epochs must dive deep into original authorities, many of them scarce, most of them inaccessible to the uninitiated, and not a few of them absolutely irreconcilable with each other. This labour Mr. Keene has performed, and the present volume, which is brightly and readably written, contains such a result from his labours as will probably spare future inquirers a repetition of his toils. In point of art, he has failed, not in colour, or drawing, or spirit, but from crowding or perhaps limiting his canvas. Sovereigns and ministers, usurpers and pretenders, vuzeers and great captains, are througed together in the foreground in such numbers and with such impartial distinctness, that those to whom the personages are not already familiar will hardly be able to retain very clear conceptions of them. The impression is that produced by surveying a great durbar from a very near point of view at a moment of considerable sensation and confusion rather than that which a succinct and discriminating narrative, as this is, should create on the mind. Considered as a work of reference, which in a small way Mr. Keene's book will become, a history of a turbulent and chaotic period is not bound to be specially well balanced or so simple as to dwell in broad outline in the memory; but the vivacity and point of Mr. Keene's style creates other expectations, and one is a little astonished to find that pages which individually occupy the attention in the liveliest manner appear in

retrospect oppressive and unretainable.

Although hardly any native dynasty in India enjoys a title unstained by usurpation more or less unrighteous, and although during a considerable period of the history of Hindostan government mainly consisted in the violent exercise of powers of extortion just wrung from other oppressors, it must not be presumed that the old sovereignties afforded no examples of statesmanship or were exercised without reference to political wisdom. Aurungzeb himself, though he imprisoned his father and killed his brother, and though he brought his empire to an end by his Mohammedan intolerance, ruled for the most part in a manner that nearly entitles him to be considered a model despot. Mr. Keene writes that—

"Intrepid and enterprising as he was in war, his political sagacity and statecraft were equally unparalleled in Eastern annals. He abolished capital punishment, understood and encouraged agriculture, founded numberless colleges and schools, systematically constructed roads and bridges, kept continuous diaries of all public events from his earliest boyhood, administered justice publicly and in person, and never condoned the slightest malversation of a provincial governor, however distant his province. Such were these emperors; great, if

not exactly what we should call good, to a degree rare indeed amongst hereditary rulers."

The greatness of Timoor's descendants, of whom Aurungzeb was the most distinguished, is attributed by Mr. Keene, as by other authorities, to a circumstance in which also lay the seeds of the dynasty's destruction. Their liberality as Mohammedans in marrying Hindoo princesses maintained the vigour of their line, but it led the Hindoos to base upon the matrimonial connections of the earlier emperors "assertions of partisanship which gradually swelled into independence."

Mr. Keene's account of the decay of the great empire under its greatest head is a favourable example of his style:—

"The Moghul Empire resembled, at the time of Aurungzeb's death. one of those Etruscan corpses which, though crowned and armed, are destined to crumble at the breath of heaven or the touch of human hands. And still more did it resemble some splendid palace, whose gilded cupolas and towering minarets are built of materials collected from every quarter of the world, only to collapse in undistinguishable ruin when the Ficus religiosa has lodged its destructive roots in the foundation on which they rest. Thus does this great ruler furnish another instance of the familiar but ever-needed lesson, that countries may be over-governed. Had he been less anxious to stamp his own image and superscription upon the palaces of princes and the temples of priests; upon the moneys of every market, and upon every human heart and conscience; he might have governed with as much success as his free-thinking and pleasure-seeking predecessors. But he was the Louis Quatorze of the East; with less of pomp than his European contemporary, but not less of the lust of conquest, of centralization, and of religious conformity. Though each monarch identified the State with himself, yet it may be doubted if either, on his deathbed. knew that his monarchy was dying also. But so it was that to each succeeded that gradual but complete cataclysm which seems the inevitable consequence of the system which each pursued. One point peculiar to the Indian emperor is that the persecuting spirit of his reign was entirely due to his own character. The jovial and elemnt Toorkomans from whom he was descended-often the sons of Hindoo ladies, who retained in the Imperial household their hereditary opinions—were never bigoted Mohummudans. Indeed it may be fairly doubted whether Ukbur and his son Jehangeer were, to any considerable extent, believers in the system of the Arabian prophet. Far different, however, was the creed of Aurungzeb, and ruthlessly did he seek to force it upon his Hindoo subjects. Thus there were now added to the usual dangers of a large empire the two peculiar perils of a jealous centralization of power, and a deep-seated disaffection of the vast majority of the subjects. Nor was this all. There had never been any fixed settlement of the succession; and not even the sagacity of this politic emperor was superior to the temptation of arbitrarily transferring the dignity of heir apparent from one son to another during his long reign. True, this was no vice confined exclusively to Aurungzeb. His predecessors had done the like; but then their systems had been otherwise genial and fortunate. His successors, too, were destined to pursue the same infatuated course, and it was a defeated intrigue of this sort which probably first brought the puppet emperor of our own time into that fatal contact with the power of England which sent him to die in a remote and dishonoured exile."

The usual fratricidal struggle followed Aurungzeb's decease, and, as usual in the Timoor line, it was a worthy hand that grasped the sceptre. But Buhadoorshah only held it for five years, during which time a variety of interests—British among them—had grown up to a height of importance never permitted them under the previous Emperor; and moreover the Sikhs had to be conquered. Success in this enterprise did not stay the disintegration of the empire, which proceeded surely, if not rapidly, until in 1719 Moohummed Shah came to the throne. He began vigorously, and was helped by his nobles to overthrow his Seiud ministers; but it was a suicidal act. The decay of the Moghul dominion recom-menced with greater speed. Foreign violence was now let loose upon it. The old intriguer, known as the Nizam of the Deccan, had concurred in the suppression of the Seiuds, but he wished it to be followed up by a strong policy. When he was disappointed, he retired to the Deccan, and made war upon the Mahrattas. Finding it presently desirable to make a compromise with them, he turned them upon the Moghul, conniving at an invasion of Hindostan the first results of which the weak Emperor accepted without hesitation. But when they presumed on this, to sweep round on the Moghul capital, Delhi, the old Nizam interfered. Making his assistance the price of his restoration to power, he gained his wishes. But shortly afterwards he had again to submit to defeat from the Mahrattas. The unscrupulous veteran, however, found a way out of his difficulties. An old ally, Saadut the Persian, was at Delhi, and was anxious to usurp the place of the Emperor's Commanderin-chief. With him the Nizam concerted a truly extraordinary scheme, which was consummated by an extraordinary incident :-

"The crime of the confederates was nothing but the writing of a letter; but the effect of that letter was the invasion of Nadir Shah, the usurping king of Persia (1738-39), which led to the spoliation of the palace of Shah Juhan, the massacre of 100,000 of the population of Delhi, and the pillage of Hindostan in money alone to the amount of above eighty millions of pounds sterling, besides untold wealth in jewellery and live-stock. It would be out of place in this introduction, to enter into a detailed narrative of the brief and insincere defence of the Empire at Kurnal; or of the sack and massacre of Delhi under the dark and terrible eye of the conqueror, as he sat in front of Roshunoodowlah's mosque in Chandee Chowk. But historical justice cannot be satisfied without an exhibition of the fruit personally acquired by Saadut from the atrocious treason in which he had borne a great and gratuitous part. This is the more indispensable since Mr. Eiphinstone has omitted the story, although it rests upon anthentic evidence. The native historians relate that when the victorious invader had obtained possession of the imperial city, he sent for both

^{*} The Moghul Empire; from the Death of Aurungzeb to the Overthrow of the Mahratta Power. By Henry George Keene, of the Bengal Civil S-rvice. London: W. H. Allen & Co.

the Turanian and the Persian, and roughly reproached them with their selfishness and treachery. 'But I will scourge you,' he pursued, 'with all my wrath, which is the instrument of divine vengeance.' Having said this, he spat upon their beards and drove them from his presence. The crest-fallen couple of confederates, upon this conferring, agreed that each should go home and toke poison; it being out of the question for them to outlive such disgrace. The Nizam was the first in the field of honour, and having swallowed his potion in the presence of his household, shortly afterwards fell senseless on the ground. A spy of Saadut's having satisfied himself of the result, hastened to his master, who being ashamed to be beaten in this generous rivalry, fulfilled his part of the compact to the letter, taking a draught that proved instantly fatal. No sooner was the breath out of his body, than Cheen Killich Khan came as by a miracle to life, and ever afterwards amused his confidential friends by the narrative of how he had outwitted the pedlar of Khorasan. A man of such resource was too useful to be long unemployed, and ere Nadir Shah had reached his own country, the Nizam was more powerful than ever: sovereign of the Deccan, and absolute master of the Emperor and his Vuzeer, under the title of Vukeel-i-Mootluk, or Plenipotentiary-Agent. Death also continued to favour him; his great Mahratta enemy, the Peshwa,

Such are specimen incidents of the growing disturbance of the Imperial power which ended in 1760 in the seizure of Delhi by the Mahrattas, and their subsequent defeat by the allied Mohammedans. When the unfortunate heir to the destroyed empire of Hindostan began to attempt the recovery of his dynastic rights, French and English adventurers began to appear upon the scene. A M. Law, related to the financier, who seems to have been a sort of political Archimedes in his way, declared that if he could but have found a fulcrum in Shujaa ood-Dowla of Oude, or any one like him, he could have driven the English off, and undertaken the administration of the empire. But his fulcrum was not forthcoming, and Colonel Knox was. This spirited soldier marched 300 miles to Patna in thirteen days, routed the Emperor and his French friend, who, however, continued as brave as he was grandiloquent, and refused to surrender his sword in the following year, when he was taken prisoner fighting with the Emperor against the Anglo-Bengalee force. It seems to have been at one moment likely that the English would reinstate the Emperor at Delhi, under their protection; but it was long before they were to have an opportunity of effectual interference in Hindostan affairs. Mr. Keene follows the fortunes of the empire and of British aggrandisement with unflagging energy and invariable clearness, brevity alone interfering with the interest of his narrative by depriving it of proportion. Perhaps, however, it may fairly be suggested that he might have improved the quality without altering the quantity of his work by troubling himself less with subjects that have been treated by other historians. In one chapter he says truly that he has chiefly followed Mill. He would have done better to have amplified other parts of

his story where he had original materials.

One such opportunity was afforded in his account of the Jats in the third chapter of his second book, which is exceedingly interesting and only too short. On certain questions on which a high tone is taken by Mill and Macaulay—such, for instance, as the advance of the British into Oude, for which Warren Hastings was so deeply blamed-Mr. Keene takes a lower tone; but it is rather from a sense of the anomalous character of our position in India than from any theoretical sympathy with the acts complained of. Discussions of this sort are valuable at the present moment, but it is high time that they should be carried on upon a more settled principle, for they are too often vitiated by a lurking feeling that if we are too logical on any Indian subject, we shall come to condemn our own occupation. Perhaps it would be better to do so, than to confuse questions of history and moral conduct by this disturbing element. A brief course of Positivism would be a useful thing to many public writers and speakers. It might not give them sound opinions on all points, but it would at least cure them of special pleading on the one hand, or of contentment with a low standard on the other, by showing how acquiescence in what has been or must be may be associated with the clearest and loftiest conceptions of what should have been and ought to be. We pity the man who feels bound to justify, and we do not particularly envy the man who is eager to condemn, the acts of our countrymen, who were obliged more or less to mingle in transactions the atrocities of which were as innumerable as they were appalling, and the convolutions of which, even on the pages of history, can only be mastered by the acutest intelligence and the closest study. Conceive the inevitable necessity of continually doing something in the midst of a perpetual embroglio of violence, chicane, and cruelty, and you have a situation in which whatever is done should be most leniently judged on the one hand and very lightly esteemed on the other, as typical of, or as affording precedents for, national conduct. After ploughing with equal discomfort and excitement through crowded details of treachery and bloodshed, in the course of which the career of the Begum Sumroo or Sombre is very interestingly indicated, we near the climax as the history reaches the year 1788. That year witnessed the close of the legal existence of the Moghul dynasty. When some fifteen years before Zabita Khan had been expelled from Delhi, and the reigning Emperor had been brought in to his capital by the Mahrattas, the Moghul Mahratta army had followed the expelled chief to Sookhurtal. Obliged to fly, he left his family in the victors' hands. Amongst his children was Gholam Kadir, and the Emperor made this lad a harem-page. In process of time he gained his liberty by means unknown, succeeded to his father's estates, and became the most prominent representative of the Hindostanee Afghans. After leading a life |

of adventure and warfare, varied by dark tints of treachery and attempted assassination, this man at last obtained by intrigue a recognised position under the empire. The Mahratta chief, Sindeea, was gaining a preponderance in the empire which Gholam Kadir professed himself anxious to check. He allied himself avowedly for this purpose with the brave soldier, Ismail Beg; and then, in command of considerable forces, attempted to compel the old Emperor to throw off Sindeea's yoke. When Shah Alum declined to do so, the two confederates fired on the palace; and, as Sindeea did not at once come to the Emperor's assistance, his position was rather desperate. But there were signs of gathering opposition which gave Gholam much reason to doubt the ultimate success of his revengeful designs. He drew together his own followers in hopes of loot, and Ismail Beg was enabled to seduce the Mohammedan soldiery of the Emperor. He was left dependent upon the Mahrattas. He opened communications with the confederates, and the result speedily was the installation of Gholam Kadir as Premier and Ismail Beg as Commander-in-Chief, and the recognition of the forces, some of whom had lately fired on the palace, as the army of the empire. Incidents such as these are trifles in histories such as Mr. Keene's, and they only led up, in this case, to still more startling events. Gholam Kadir claimed arrears of pay for his forces; and, upon the demand being resisted by the Emperor's Treasurer, produced a letter which he pretended to have intercepted, in which the Emperor sought help from the dismissed Sindeea. In an assumed fit of rage he seized the Emperor, seated an obscure member of his family on the throne as Emperor Bedar Bukht, actually threatening to hew down Shah Alum with his sword when he hesitated to budge in favour of the new nominee sovereign. While the Emperor was in confinement, the villain persuaded his colleague, Ismail Beg, to retire to his camp, and proceeded to plunder the palace. Then Ismail Beg saw how he had been deceived, especially when Gholam Kadir positively refused to give his (Ismail's) men any pay. But the Beg did not take any very definite steps to right himself. Gholam was dissatisfied with his loot. He imbibed the notion that the old Emperor had the secret of some great hoard. He made the nominee Emperor inflict corporal punishment upon his predecessor in order to get at this secret. Even ladies of Shah Alum's family were flogged. He found himself shortly in funds sufficiently to buy Ismail Beg's renewed co-operation, and they together laid exactions on the Hindoo bankers of Delhi. But he was still haunted with the idea of the hidden treasure. He plundered and drove out of the palace the widows of former Emperors. He lounged on the throne beside the creature he had seated on it, and puffed smoke from his hookah in his face. Three days after, he melted the throne for the sake of the plating; and the four succeeding days he spent in hunting for the treasure, for which purpose he took up all the floors,

"At length," says Mr. Keene, "arrived the memorable 10th of August, which, perhaps, as far as any one date deserves the distinction, was the last day of the legal existence of the famous Empire of the Moghuls. Followed by the Deputy-Controller, Yakoob Alee, and by four or five of his own most reckless Puthans, Gholam Kadir entered the Deewan Khas, and ordered Shah Alum to be brought before him. Once more the hidden treasure was spoken of, and the secret of its deposit imperiously demanded; and once more the poor old Emperor-whom we not long ago saw melting his plate to keep together a few troops of horsewith perfect truth replied that if there was any such secret he for one was in total ignorance of it. 'Then,' said the Rokilla, 'you are of no further use in the world, and should be blinded.' 'Alas!' replied the poor old man, with native dignity, 'do not so; you may spare these old eyes, that for sixty years have grown dim with the daily study of God's word.' The spoiler then ordered his followers to torture the sons and grandsons of the Emperor, who had followed and now surrounded their parent. This last outrage broke down the old man's patience. 'Take my sight,' he cried, 'rather than force upon it scenes like these.' Gholam Kadir at once leaped from the throne, felled the old man to the ground, threw himself upon the prostrate monarch's breast, and, so the best historians relate, struck out at least one of his eyes with his own dagger. Then rising, he ordered a bystander, apparently a member of the household—Yakoob Alee himself—to complete the work. On his refusing, he slew him with his own hand. The Emperor was then completely blinded by the Puthans, and removed to Sulcemgurh, amid the shrill lamentations of women, and the calmer, but not less passionate curses of men, who were not scourged into silence without some difficulty and delay. Francklin, following his usual authority, the MS. narrative of Saceud Ruza Khap, says that, under these accumulated misfortunes, the aged Emperor evinced a firmness and resignation highly honourable to his character. It is pitiable to think how much fortifude may be thrown away by an Asiatic for want of a little active enterprise. There were probably not less than half a dozen points in Shah Alum's life when a due vigour would have raised him to safety, if not to splendour; but his vigour was never ready at the right moment. The anxious citizens were not at once aware of the particulars of this tragedy; but ere long rumours crept out to them of what crimes and sufferings had been going on all day in the Red Castle, - behind those stern and silent walls that were not again to shield similar at ocities for nearly seventy years. Then another day of horror was to come, when one of the princes, who was tortured on the 10th of August, 1788, was to see women and children brutally massacred in the same once splendid courts; and to find himself in the hands of adherents whose crimes would render him a puppet if they succeeded, and a felon if they

Such is the character, in its more striking passages, of the story which Mr. Keene has to tell, and in this vivid style he tells it when he gives himself verge enough. Of the flight of Gholam and

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his punishment, of the return of Sindeea to power, of the evil fortunes that now befell the Mussulmans of the empire, of the blind old Emperor's attempt to exact tribute of the British, of the firm but pacific policy of Lord Cornwallis "in the diplomatic valley that occurred between Warren Hastings and the Marquis Wellesley," of Holkar and his designs, of the French and theirs, of the final fall of the Mahratta power, of the reward of British ambition, and of the real significance of the possession of Delhi, no better account is extant than Mr. Keene's. So fluent and interesting a pen ought not to lie idle. Mr. Keene often evinces pregnant thoughtfulness even in little points, as where he speaks of a faith becoming "weak and eclectic"—a combination full of truth and suggestion. If he will avoid an occasional inaccurate construction, and such phrases as "silken minions" and "the dagger and the bowl," he will be on the rails of literary success, and it will be for himself to choose his terminus.

NEW NOVELS.*

To write much is no very difficult task, but to write well is another matter. It is certain that the two faculties of rapidity and excellence are seldom found combined. Mrs. Riddell, however, may be quoted as an exception to this rule. Within a very short time she has produced a number of works, many of which are remarkable as much for the ease and grace of their style as for the knowledge they display of human nature. "Far above Rubies" is the name of the latest of her efforts, and, like all her other compositions, it is good. It is not good, however, as most novels are good. There is nothing very exciting in the plot, nothing very elaborate in the descriptions, nothing very ambitious in the digressions. We have a plain recital of certain events that befell a family of the name of Dudley; and during the course of the narrative the author sometimes puts in a remark of her own, which, without appearing en parenthèse, just helps to give weight to the situation or the subject under discussion. The subject of Mrs. Riddell's story is a wife whose value gives the novel its title. Heather Bell is the fanciful name of a young lady who attracts the notice, and afterwards accepts the hand, of Arthur Dudley, the owner of an estate called Berrie Down Hollow. Without possessing any of those especial excellences with which Mr. Tennyson, in one of his poems, has endowed his ideal of a perfect wife, Heather Dudley is exactly the kind of woman that only a woman could delineate, because she is instinct with those peculiarities too essentially feminine for a man to comprehend, however quickly they might excite his love. What is valuable in Mrs. Riddell's description of her heroine is the manner in which she developes the character, not by pausing to analyze the motive of every action, but by leaving the cause to be judged by the effect. Hence we have incidents. Hence, too, we have a more complete portrayal, for human nature is expressed here as it is expressed in real life-by action. Wedded to a man whose temper or disposition forbids him a thorough appreciation of his wife, Heather pursues a line of conduct, the beauty of which, when misery forces him into retrospection, the husband recognises with the remorse of one who becomes conscious of the long neglect of a treasure. Beyond the machinations of a fellow named Black, who, having organized a limited liability company, inveigles Dudley into it and presently ruins him, there is no plot-at least, so-called. The novel owes its charm to simplicity, and to the development of character by trifling though sometimes moving domestic incidents. In her colloquies Mrs. Riddell is inferior to Mr. Trollope, but in pure narration she equals and sometimes excels him. say Mr. Trollope, because he is the only author between whose choice of subjects and method of treatment and Mrs. Riddell's we can discern any resemblance. All the characters in "Far above Rubies" are exceptionally good; and even in the least important personages of the book—such, for instance, as the old nurse Pigott, the boy Harry, and Priscilla Dobbin—each feature is heightened to the precise tone necessary to give the whole picture complete barmony of colouring. Though Mrs. Dudley whole picture complete harmony of colouring. Though Mrs. Dudley is by far the most prominent and apparently matured delineation, we prefer the subordinate character of Bessie Ormson. It combines at once the grace of the most facile execution with the strength and truthfulness of perfect imitation. If the novel had no other merit, the character of Bessie Ormson would redeem it; and if it imparted no other truth, the moral conveyed by the treatment of this girl by her mother, and the natural results that flow from it would render it valuable to those to whom this picture would be as a mirror held up to their own conduct. "Lally," the child of Heather Dudley, is cleverly sketched, though it would have been better had a little less of its prattle been chronicled. "Iss," and "ver pret," and "dood tings," and "Bessie, I do love 'oo; thing to I, please; thing I to thleep," is a jargon that, delightful as it may sound in a living infant's mouth, looks somewhat foolish in print. But whole pages of this would be amply compensated by the charming description of this little creature's death and the mother's grief. Mrs. Riddell possesses a thorough acquaintance with the female character; and the way she illustrates her knowledge by such observations as these :-

"She was full of her little purchases; a woman must, indeed, be in a terrible state of despair—a depth of despondency too great for a spectator to contemplate calmly—when the prospect of opening a

* Far above Rubies. By Mrs. H. Riddell. London: Tinsley Brothers.
Psul's Courtship. By Hesba Stretton. London: Charles W. Wood.
Playing on the Brink. By J. Francis Corkran. London: T. Cautley Newby.

draper's parcel fails to send a thrill of expectant pleasure through her heart."

—is worth whole pages of that stereotyped talk of "deep and grave glad eyes," and "spiritual mysteries," and "sad, slow smiles," and so forth, which has become utterly detestable on the grounds of its being the cant pure of novelists. It is always pleasing for men to hear what ladies have to say of them: especially such ladies as Mrs. Riddell. What one passage in "Far above Rubies" says of them is so true, that we sincerely wish that the author would give us a little more of such wholesome plain-speaking.

"There has been a great deal written of late years about masculine women. It seems rather one-sided for no one to preach against feminine men; for if a woman be objectionable in so far as she resemble a man, a man must surely be objectionable in so far as he is dependent and weak, and timid and fainthearted, and undecided, and variable, and impulsive, and easily influenced, and speedily depressed, and equally speedily rejoiced, and governed by the opinions of others, and dependent on external influences like a woman. I lift my hands in supplication, and cry earnestly for mercy, ladies, as I finish this sentence, which I believe to be true as sorrow and pain. There is another cry which is popular nowadays, and the man or the woman who raises an opposition shout is likely to find small favour in the crowd; but the opposition shout is none the worse for that. A man is a divine institution even in a domestic point of view. He may not be charming, pottering about the house, counting the camelias, and instituting inquiries into the items of a grocer's bill; but he is at a premium when a gun wants cleaning, or a troublesome tramp grows

It is at least gratifying for men to know that they are not alto-

gether useless. "Paul's Courtship" is deserving of very much praise. It is a work ably planned and cleverly executed. Though it relates, as the title sufficiently indicates, almost wholly to love, the "old, old story" is retold with a grace that renders it not only very readable but even impressive. The effectiveness of most of the incidents in the novel is due to their being always unexpected. But then the incidents are by no means of a forced growth. They rise naturally as the narrative progresses, and Miss Stretton claims especial praise for the art with which she suspends anticipation by present interest that it may not encroach upon, and therefore mar, the excitement of the situations of which every chapter has one more or less good. Paul Lockley is a medical man of independent means, who, together with his brother Rufus and his sister, Mrs. Margraf, reside at a place called Moonkmoor. In the same town dwells an elderly lady, Mrs. Aspen, who, conceiving herself to be a poetess, collects together a number of her poems for publication. This character is very cleverly drawn. There is much good-humoured irony in the description, and the dreams of the poetess at the prospect of seeing herself in print are related with real humour. To assist her in this ambitious design, she advertises for an amanuensis. A young girl, named Doris Arnold, responds to the advertisement, and, after a short time, takes up her abode with Mrs. Aspen. Between these two there presently arises a very warm friendship. In Doris Arnold we have the nucleus of the book; the centre from which the whole of the interest radiates. Three men fall in love with her, of whom one is Paul Lockley, Rufus another, and a deformed painter named Atcherley, another. Miss Stretton has here imposed upon herself a very difficult task. In circumstances such as this there is but a thin partition dividing the sublime from the ridiculous. To exaggerate would not be to exalt, but to burlesque. Minuteness would have been wearisome; and the absence of at least apparent earnestness would have degenerated the narrative into a mere empty recital of dull events. All this has been guarded against by the admirable handling of the story. The sacrifices which this triple love necessarily entails awakens no doubt as to their probability. They are exactly as they would have occurred in real life: and they are narrated with a simplicity that captivates the ear, whilst it lends additional beauty to the pathetic portions of the story. Indeed, it is for her simplicity that Miss Stretton is most to be commended. The following extract will give a very fair idea of how the whole story is told:-

"The morning of the funeral came; a soft, sunless September morning, with a light mist veiling the sun in the sky, yet making every spot on earth bright with a softened beam. The long procession passed across the meadow and over the bridge which spanned the river at a little distance down the banks; and returning upon the opposite shore, wound slowly along the road in full view of the old house and its oriel windows, until it reached the church at Eyton. When Doris whispered this to Mrs. Aspen, and the quicker tolling of the bell rang hurriedly through the desolate rooms, the mother, in her widow's dress again, cast off more than thirty years ago, but reanned for ever now, descended the oaken staircase leaning on Doris's arm.

. . . The old pomp of self-complacent musing, the fire of inspiration had faded away from her sorrowful features and wavering footstep; when she drew near the place where she had watched her son lying, insensible to the sunshine and her own affliction, she knelt down upon the mossy turf, and, wringing her hands, cried bitterly, 'My boy, my boy!"

Doris is a type of women common in life and uncommon in novels. Her passions are the passions of flesh and blood. What she does she performs from motives as reasonable as the caprices of woman's nature will permit her. The author does not care to apotheosize her with attributes which can excite no sympathy, because they are within no one's experience. Her love, her pity, her regret, her admiration, her sacrifices, are those of a woman. We love her because we sympathize with her; and we sympathize

with her because we understand her. And this is true of all the other characters. Scattered throughout the work are touches of true poetry. That Miss Stretton is a young writer is obvious enough; but we question whether the want of experience occasionally manifested be not amply compensated by the vigour with which her subject is designed and the tenderness with which it is contrived. Whether her knowledge of life be from intuition or experience, her delineations are remarkable for their accuracy. "Paul's Courtship" abounds with promise of a high order. The success that the author deserves we doubt not her ability will soon command.

"Playing on the Brink" is the name of a very readable novel. The plot is slight, though by the treatment, which does not want a certain artistic grace, it is rendered interesting enough. Mr. Corkran by no means wants experience either of human nature or of literary manipulation. He is sometimes a little ambitious in his language, and seems not careful to discriminate between the diction of life and the bombast of fiction. This, together with an occasional ruggedness brought about by a too hasty transition from one situation to another, instead of sloping the way by a more careful development, constitutes the faults of the story. But all that remains merits praise. Some of the personages of the book are well drawn, and the opposition of two characters of the orphan sisters, Amelia and Agatha, produces a very good effect of contrast. Lovers of fiction will be repaid by a perusal of "Playing on the Brink."

HANNAH LIGHTFOOT.*

Mr. Thoms has been at the pains of examining the evidence on which rests the authenticity of three pieces of Court scandal,—George III.'s intimacy with Hannah Lightfoot, Queen Charlotte's intrigue with the Chevalier D'Eon, and the Duke of Cumberland's marriage with the daughter of Dr. Wilmot and the Princess Poniatowski; and we have in this brochure the papers which he published in Notes and Queries upon these topics, with additions. There is the best reason for believing that the old King was guiltless of the immorality laid to his charge. One of the strongest proofs we can have of this is the absence of any allusion to such an intrigue in the contemporary literature. Even so eager a collector of gossip as Walpole makes no allusion to it. George III. had enemies enough to make us sure that it would not have been forgiven him had there been any ground for asserting it. The author of the "Lousiad" would not have let it pass. In his later years, when the King had to lament the excesses of the Prince of Wales, and was paying £5,000 to get the Prince's letters from Mrs. Robinson, he concluded a letter to Lord North upon the subject with these words, "I am happy at being able to say that I never was personally engaged in such a transaction, which perhaps makes me feel this the stronger." With his deep sense of religion he would hardly have made this assertion had it been untrue. But it is confirmed by the reputation he bore in his early youth, which Walpole sums up in the words "bigoted, young, and chaste." Apart from its ante-codert improbability the story has been related with such a variety. cedent improbability, the story has been related with such a variety of contradictions in almost every one of its details that it cannot stand the test of examination for a moment. It is very doubtful whether there ever was such a person as Hannah Lightfoot. She is called "Lightfoot," "Whitefoot," and "Wheeler." She was the daughter, according to one account, of a shoemaker, who lived near Execution Dock, Wapping; according to another, of a linendraper who lived at St. James's market; while a third account says that this was her uncle. The Prince is stated variously to have seen her as he went from Leicester House to St. James's, to the Opera, to the Parliament House. Then as to their marriage we have such contradictions as the He married her in 1754; in 1759; at Keith's Chapel in Mayfair; at Peckham; at Kew; he did not marry at all; Isaac Axford married her; she left Axford at the churchdoor and never saw him afterwards; she lived with him six weeks, and then was secretly carried off from him. The first mention of the scandal appears to have been made by a correspondent in the Monthly Magazine, April, 1821, where it was assumed that all the world was acquainted with the attachment of the late King to a beautiful Quakeress of the name of Wheeler, who disappeared on the royal marriage "in a way that has always been interesting, because unexplained and mysterious." The writer asked for further information on the subject, and in the July number of the magazine the story is set out in detail by another correspondent. From this date until the occasion of a recent trial attention has been, from time to time, called to it by statements whose contradictions are of the most absurd character. The story of the Princess Poniatowski, her marriage with Dr. Wilmot, the birth of a daughter who was subsequently married to the Duke of Cumberland, of which marriage Mrs. Olivia Wilmot Serres claimed to be the daughter, was published for the first time in 1821 by Mrs. Serres in the British Luminary. Forgetting that in 1817, in a pamphlet in which she had endeavoured to prove that Dr. Wilmot wrote the letters of "Junius," she had stated that he was never married, she united him to the Princess Ponaitowski, sister to Stanislaus, afterwards King of Poland, who had only two sisters-Louisa, who married one of the Zamoyski family, and died leaving one daughter, and Isabella, who married Clement Branicki, and died without issue. Another version of the story calls the Princess the daughter of Stanislaus, but unluckily the Prince

Polish princess and grandfather of Olive, was strangely addicted to marrying and giving in marriage in royal circles. He marries Hannah Lightfoot and the Prince, at Kew, on the 17th of April, 1759, and at Peckham on the 27th of May, in the same year. When Queen Charlotte hears that this marriage had preceded her own, she insists after Hannah's death on being re-married, and it is Dr. Wilmot who performs the ceremony. By a document dated "May 2nd, 1773," and written with a royal contempt for grammar, George R. commands that "the birth of Olive, the Duke of Cumberland's daughter," is not to be made known to the nation during his reign, "but, from a sense of religious duty, we will that she be acknowledged by the Royal Family after our death, should she survive ourselves, in return for confidential service rendered ourselves by Dr. Wilmot in the year 1759." Why the King's sense of religious duty was not to take effect till after his death, it is impossible to say. Another link between the two fictions is the paper by which "'Hannah' Regina," in the event of the death of the "dear offspring of my ill-fated marriage," bequeaths to "Olive Wilmot, the daughter of my best friend, Dr. Wilmot, whatever property I am entitled to or possessed of at the time of my death." This document bears date "July 7th, 1768," and is witnessed by "J. Dunning" and "William Pitt." Considering how secret the birth of the Princess was to be kept, the number of documents having reference to it is marvellous. At the trial of the late cause célèbre, Mrs. Ryves' counsel stated that about seventy documents would be produced, containing forty-three signatures of Dr. Wilmot, sixteen of Lord Chatham, twelve of Dunning, twelve of George III., thirtytwo of Lord Warwick, and eighteen of the Duke of Kent. There is nothing like having plenty of evidence while you are about it. For the calumny against poor Queen Charlotte, which made the Chévalier D'Eon the father of George 1V., we must refer our readers to Mr. Thoms' book, merely observing that there never was falser statement more scandalously made. We are glad to have this convenient form of Mr. Thoms' exposure of the complete baselessness of Court scandals, which some foolish persons have believed, and perhaps will still believe, in spite of the overwhelming proof of their falsehood which is given in this brochure.

was never married. The two fictions of Hannah Lightfoot and the

Princess Olive have evidently some connection, and are the inven-

tion of the same brain. The Dr. Wilmot, who is the husband of the

EMERSON'S POEMS.*

This new volume will probably raise the general estimate of its author as a poet. The book of poems put forth by Mr. Emerson twenty years ago, though much valued by poets and scholars, were eclipsed in the public mind by his essays, chiefly, perhaps, on account of a certain occasional roughness of form and a lack of musical expression. The present volume has in it hardly as much profound thought as that, but has much more ease and melody. It has not the perpetual scherzo movement of the earlier poems. Sport may be, as Mr. Emerson says it is, the sign of health, but, in a world more or less invalid, there are times when sport is sadder than pathos. The high point where all things converge to an exhaustive unity, is that from which the author looks upon the world of shadows and illusions, and that point of view is hardly favourable for seeing and representing the movement and play of earthly forms which are the necessary types of thought and emotion. At that distance the strains of joy and serrow are too nearly the same. When we compare the poems in the present volume with those of Tennyson, Browning, or even of Wordsworth, whom Mr. Emerson evidently admires above all modern poets, we perceive at once that the themes of the American take on less various forms than those of the English poets, and have also less colour. We are continually reminded as we wander amid these May flowers of fine frost-foliage and snow-sculptures, and long that they should be suffused with the glow of warm life. There is much about man, not much about men. But when we have said this we have expressed all our dissatisfaction. The long poem with which the volume opens is an exquisite spring cantata. The description of the first faint sounds that announce that the marble sleep of winter is broken is very fine. The poem is of such equal beauty that almost any passage will serve to indicate its character. Here is a celebration of the spring's advent:—

> " Hither rolls the storm of heat; I feel its finer billows beat Like a sea which me infolds: Heat with viewless fingers moulds, Swells, and mellows, and matures, Paints, and flavours, and allures, Bird and briar inly warms, Still enriches and transforms, Gives the reed and lily length, Adds to oak and oxen strength, Boils the world in tepid lakes, Burns the world, yet burnt remakes; Enveloping heat, enchanted robe, Wraps the daisy and the globe, Transforming what it doth infold, Life out of death, new out of old, Painting fawns' and leopards' fells, Seethes the gulf-enerimsoning shells,

W. G. Smith. William J. Thoms, F.S.A. London:

^{*} May Day, and other Poems. By Ralph Waldo Emerson. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

Fires gardens with a joyful blaze Of tulips, in the morning rays. The dead log touched bursts into leaf, The wheat-blade whispers of the sheaf."

All through the poem there are threads of mystical suggestion, which at the close are woven into a lustrous tissue :—

For thou, O Spring! canst renovate
All that high God did first create.
Be still His arm and architect, Rebuild the ruin, mend defect; Chemist to vamp old worlds with new, Coat sea and sky with heavenlier blue, New-tint the plumage of the birds, And slough decay from grazing herds, Sweep ruins from the scarped mountain, Cleanse the torrent at the fountain, Purge Alpine air by towns defiled, Bring to fair mother fairer child, Not less renew the heart and brain, Scatter the sloth, wash out the stain, Make the aged eye sun-clear, To parting soul bring grandeur near. Under gentle types, my Spring Masks the might of Nature's King, An energy that searches thorough From chaos to the dawning morrow; Into all our human plight, The soul's pilgrimage and flight; In city or in solitude, Step by step, lifts bad to good, Without halting, without rest, Lifting Better up to Best; Planting seeds of knowledge pure, Through earth to ripen, through heaven endure."

The next poem is entitled "The Adirondacs," and was written after a journey made by the poet in 1858 with the Adirondac Club, a small company composed of such pleasant comrades as Agassiz, Lowell, Holmes, and others, which every summer sojourns in the mountains for several weeks. Mr. Emerson dedicates this "Journal" to his fellow-travellers with a neat verse:—

"Wise and polite,—and if I drew
Their several portraits, you would own
Chancer had no such worthy crew,
Nor Boccace in Decameron."

The pictures of nature in the poem are very charming, but one would like to know more of the distinguished company and what they did and said. That two doctors dissected a deer, and that they all "ate like abbots," are the only disclosures made. In the forest solitude they hear that the Atlantic cable has been successfully laid:—

"Loud, exulting cries
From boat to boat, and to the echoes round,
Greet the glad miracle. Thought's new-found path
Shall supplement henceforth all trodden ways,
Match God's equator with a zone of art,
And lift man's public action to a height
Worthy the enormous cloud of witnesses,
When linkéd hemispheres attest his deed."

Of the "Occasional and Miscellaneous Pieces" two are particularly striking. The first of these is a fourth of July ode, sang in the town Hall of Concord, on the anniversary of Independence, 1857. We quote the opening verses:—

"O tenderly the haughty day
Fills his blue urn with fire;
One morn is in the mighty heaven
And one in our desire.

The cannon booms from town to town,
Our pulses are not less,
The joy-bells chime their tidings down,
Which children's voices bless.

For He that flung the broad blue fold O'er mantling land and sea, One third part of the sky unrolled For the banner of the free.

The men are ripe of Saxon kind
To build an equal state—
To take the statute from the mind,
And make of duty fate.

United States! the ages plead—
Present and Past in under-song—
Go put your creed into your deed,
Nor speak with double tongue."

The other piece to which we refer is the Boston Hymn, which was read in the Music-hall of Boston, on January 1, 1863, the day of President Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation. The closing verses are especially stirring:—

"To day unbind the captive,
So only are ye unbound;
Lift up a people from the dust—
Trump of their rescue, sound!
Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The Slave is owner
And ever was. Pay him.

O North! give him beauty for rags, And honour, O South! for his shame; Nevada! coin thy golden crags With Freedom's image and name.

Up! and the dusky race That sat in darkness long— Be swift their feet as antelopes, And as behemoth strong.

Come, East and West and North, By races, as snow-flakes, And carry my purpose forth, Which neither halts nor shakes.

My will fulfilled shall be, For, in daylight or in dark, My thunderbolt has eyes to see His way home to the mark."

Among the poems grouped under the title "Nature and Life," is a touching tribute to the memory of the author's brother, Edward Emerson, who died in early life, at Porto Rico. There were three brothers of the Emerson family, Charles, Edward, and Ralph Waldo, all of whom gave signs of fine poetic gifts. Two of these died. Some of the productions of Charles were printed in the Dial about twenty-five years ago. Of the writings of Edward, one, a farewell to his home on sailing to the South to find health, precedes the "In Memoriam" of the surviving brother. Those who remember the poet's threnody on the death of his child, one of the noblest poems ever written, will not be surprised by the depth and truth of this, from which we must content ourselves with one gem:—

"What generous beliefs console
The brave whom Fate denies the goal!
If others reach it is content;
To Heaven's high will his will is bent.
Firm on his heart relied,
What lot soe'er betide,
Work of his hand
He nor repents nor grieves,
Pleads for itself the fact,
As unrepenting Nature leaves
Her every act."

Under the general head of "Elements" the author has collected the brief poetical texts, that have from time to time prefaced his essays, and which have been so much admired and quoted. Some of these are worthy to be written in gold, as, for instance, that on "Character":—

"The sun set, but set not his hope:
Stars rose; his faith was earlier up;
Fixed on the enormous galaxy,
Deeper and older seemed his eye;
And matched his sufferance sublime
The taciturnity of time.
He spoke, and words more soft than rain
Brought the Age of Gold again:
His action won such reverence sweet
As hid all measure of the feat."

Among the "Quatrains" are to be found valuable epigrammatic verses, many of them resembling the Oriental sayings with which Von Hammer, Rückert, and others have made us familiar. Some of these have been floating about in the papers of late, now and then in a slightly different form. There is one marked "Botanist," which, as we have before seen it, runs:—

"Go thou to thy learned task, I stay with the flowers of spring: Do thou of the ages ask, What me the hours will bring."

The version in this volume has "flowers," instead of "hours," which we must consider an unfortunate misprint.

There are ten pages of poetical translations, chiefly from Hafiz and other Oriental sources. The most remarkable of these is the "Song of Seid Nimetollah, of Kuhistan," supposed to be uttered during the astronomical dance, in which the dervish imitates the movements of the heavenly bodies, by spinning on his own axis, whilst at the same time he revolves around the Sheikh in the centre, representing the sun. The poem is in the highest vein of spiritual exaltation. It would be an interesting ethnological fact if we are to conclude that Seid is not indebted to his translator for any of the transcendentalism of such lines as these,—the first of which, by the way, seem to refer to the legend that Solomon cast the stone of wisdom into the sea, to await some fortunate diver:—

"I am seeker of the stone,
Living gem of Solomon;
From the shore of souls arrived,
In the sea of sense I dived;
But what is land, or what is wave,
To me who only jewels crave?
Love is the air-fed fire intense,
And my heart is the frankincense:
As the rich aloe's flames I glow,
Yet the censer cannot know.
I'm all-knowing, yet unknowing;
Stand not, pause not, in my going."

LITERARY GOSSIP.

THE illness of Sir Archibald Alison, to which we alluded last week, has reached a fatal termination, as it was feared it would. The historian breathed his last on the 23rd ult., at Glasgow, in the seventy fifth year of his age, having been born in 1792. Sir Archibald came of a literary stock, his father (who was a clergyman of the Church of England) being the author of "Essays on Taste," and other works. Though born at Kenley, in Shropshire, where his father had a living, the future historian was a thorough Scotchman, both by blood and education. He became a member of the Scotch bar, and his first writings had reference to the principles and practice of Scotch law. Early in life, however, he began to collect materials for his "History of Europe from the Commencement of the French Revolution in 1789 to the Restoration of the Bourbons in 1815." This work was composed on so large a scale, and involved the collection and examination of so vast a body of facts and so many documents, that its preparation spread over a great many years, and the first volume did not appear until 1839. Other volumes, bringing the narrative down to a much later period than 1815, have been issued successively at various dates, and the work has gone through several editions, and is considered a standard authority. But its excessive length, the redundancy of its style, the heaviness of the mode of treatment, and the strong political bias by which it is swayed, are faults which will always stand in the way of its obtaining a wide popularity. It should be mentioned, however, to the credit of the anthor that, though his own leanings were sufficiently positive, he never misrepresents, but states his case with considerable fairness, and, by a liberal array of documents pertaining to both sides, gives the reader an opportunity of forming his own judgment in opposition to that of the writer, if he pleases. Sir Archibald also wrote a "Life of the Duke of Marlborough," and several other books. He was a thorough, old-fashioned Tory, of the sobool that prevailed fifty years ago. In Blackwood's Magazine he maintained up to a recent period the principles of the Lockharts and Wilsons, though without their personalities and bitterness, and also, it must be added, without their eloquence and animation. He considered himself an anthority on the currency, and was one of those who led the forlorn hope of Protection in the days when Protection was doomed: which may have been the reason why Lord Derby, in 1852, during his first Premiership, made him a baronet. He was an able and honourable man; but he represented a losing cause, or rather a combination of losing causes, and his works will probably suffer in the future from the perishing nature of the principles on which they are founded.

The movement at Nottingham for erecting a monument to Lord Byron seems to hang fire. It is said to be very lukewarmly supported in Nottingham itself; but, at a small meeting held on Monday in the Mayor's parlour, a letter from Mr. T. A. Murray, President of the Legislative Council of Sydney, was read, in which the writer observed:—"The movement ought to bear an Imperial character. The whole empire should contribute. The Australian colonies, I am sure, will do so, and I shall be happy to act for you in forming a sub-committee, and collecting subscriptions in New South Wales, as well as to give my mite." The meeting was adjourned until next Monday.

It seems strange to hear of the Countess Guiccioli as a person still living and writing. She is so associated with Byron, and Shelley, and others who belong wholly to a far-away past, and to a state of things very different from what now surrounds us, that one falls insensibly into a vague belief that she must have been dead long ago. Yet it is now announced that she is about to bring out a book of reminiscences of her former admirer, with the simple title of "Byron." It is in two large 8vo. volumes, and is now going through the press in Paris. The Countess was latterly the wife of the eccentric Marquis de Boissy, the Anglophobist; and as his widow she survives

Mr. Dickens was one of those who attended the funeral of Mr. Clarkson Stanfield at Kensal-green Cemetery, on Monday. Mr. Stanfield in part illustrated some of Mr. Dickens's Christmas books, and was, for thirty years, a great friend of the novelist, for whose amateur performances at Tavistock House and elsewhere (performances to which all who had the pleasure of seeing them must look back with mingled delight and regret) he painted some of the scenery. The last number of All the Year Round contains a very feeling testimony from the pen of Mr. Dickens to the genius and worth of his friend, of whom he eloquently says:—"His memory will not soon fade out, for he has set his mark upon the restless waters, and his fame will long be sounded in the roar of the sea." It may not be generally known that, in early life, Stanfield and Douglas Jerrold served on board the same ship, and that, having parted, they did not meet again for sixteen years, when they encountered on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre, on the first night of the production of Jerrold's "Rept Day"

Mr. Carlyle has written a letter, denying that there is any truth in the statement that he cannot go about the streets of Chelsea without being insulted. He says that, "in essentials," such a statement is "curiously the reverse of the fact," and that the paragraph in question is "altogether erroneous, misfounded, superfluous, and even absurd." What will Mr. Ruskin say to this?

The French Council of State has been giving judgment on the appeal of M. Lévy, the celebrated Paris publisher, against the decision of one of the law courts that he had no case against the Prefect of Police for the seizure of the Duc d'Aumale's "History of the Princes of the Royal House of Condé," of which M. Lévy was to be the publisher. All the sheets that had been printed were seized on the premises of the publisher in 1863, and it is now decided that, the act in question being a political act, there is no remedy. This is certainly an egregiously high-handed exercise of power, and, if no other course is available, the Emperor himself should personally interpose, and restore the work. It appears to have been seized because it is the production of an Orleanist Prince.

The Appeal Court at Paris has reversed the judgment of an inferior court in the matter of the photographs representing M. Alexandre

Damas and Miss Ada Menken as a kind of poses plastiques. According to the judgment of the Appeal Court, M. Dumas is at liberty at any time to retract his original consent to the publication, supposing it to have been given; besides which, the cartes, being contrary to public decency, ought not to be sold. They have already, however, had an enormous sale.

The twenty-sixth annual general meeting of the members of the London Library took place last Saturday afternoon. The Earl of Clarendon presided, and among the members present were the Earl Stanhope, Mr. W. D. Christie, the Rev. Llewellen Davies, Mr. W. B. Donne (of the Lord Chamberlain's office), Dr. Alderson (President of the Royal College of Physicians), Dr. John Chapman, Mr. George Henry Lewes, the Rev. E. E. Estocurt, &c. The report stated that there had been a steady increase in the number of members, and a corresponding augmentation of the annual income of the society. The number of members added during the year was 113. The additions to the Library by purchase and gift have been 1,700 volumes and 125 pamphlets, and during the year that has closed, 34,587 volumes have been circulated. Lord Clarendon, in moving the adoption of the report, said that the progress of the institution was very gratifying. In 1863, the number of members was 862; it was 938 in 1866. In the former year, the income was £2,122, and the balance in hand £263; in the latter it was £2,700, with a balance at the bankers of £534; while the purchase of books had not been stinted, because in 1863 £412 were expended, while they had spent in 1866 the sum of £550 for new books and £103 for binding. The report, of which these were some of the features, was unanimously adopted.

The Poet-Laureate is now enjoying, at a farmhouse near Farnham, in Surrey, that quiet retirement which is denied to him and his family at Freshwater. We are glad to hear that his eldest boy, Hallam, has quite recovered from the severe illness (congestion of the lungs) with which he was seized, in the spring, at Marlborough College, where his parents stayed some time with him.

"The German papers," says the Pall Mall Gasette, "announce the death of a man who was so devoted an admirer of Cervantes, that he spent nearly the whole of his life and a considerable fortune in collecting every edition of 'Don Quixote' which has been published in Enrope since its first appearance. There were found in the library of this curious bibliomaniac 400 editions of 'Don Quixote' in the Spanish language, 168 in French, 200 in English, 87 in Portuguese, 96 in Italian, 70 in German, 4 in Russian, 4 in Greek, 8 in Polish, 6 in Danish, 13 in Swedish, and 5 in Latin."

The annual congress of the Royal Archaeological Institute is this year to be held at Hull, from July 30th to August 6th, inclusive, under the presidentship of the Archbishop of York.

The subscription at present being made with a view to presenting Mr. Mark Antony Lower, the Sussex antiquary, with a testimonial, now amounts to about £250.

M. Champollion-Figeac, described as "the Nestor of French archæologists," is just dead. Some time ago, he was placed at the head of the commission appointed to organize the archives of France.

Mr. Ruskin, on Thursday week, delivered in the Senate House at Cambridge a lecture on "The Relation of National Ethics to National Arts," one of an annual series for which an endowment was given by Sir Robert Rede, Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in the reign of Henry VIII. Previous lectures have been delivered by Professors Owen, Phillips, Willis, Airy, and Sir William Thomson; Major-General Sabine, R.A.; and Mr. Ansted, M.A., F.R.S.

The "Flaneur" of the Morning Star says that the affairs of the late Adullamite organ are likely to be made the subject of investigation in the Bankruptcy Court.

Mr. W. F. Brough, uncle of the well-known "Brothers Brough," and long connected with provincial theatres, died at Liverpool a few

days ago.

"At the last meeting of the Philological Society," says the Athenaum, "Professor Goldstücker mentioned a curious fact with regard to the word lay, a poem to be sung—that in old Sanskrit musical manuscripts the same word occurs, namely laya, with the same meaning as in French and English. The word laya has not yet found its way into any Sanskrit Glossary."

The remains of the late Artemus Ward left Southampton last week in the Deutschland, bound for New York, for final interment in the United States.

The New York Tribune has sent one of its editors to establish in

London a bureau of foreign correspondence.

Messrs. Ticknon & Fields, of the United States, have been

Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, of the United States, have been appointed by Mr. Dickens the only authorized publishers of his works in America. He is about to write a story for the New York Sunday News, and has informed the proprietor, Mr. Benjamin Wood, that the MS. will be ready by the 1st of August, at latest.

Mrs. Denison, an American writer, is about to bring out a book entitled "Life among the Squirrels," illustrated by Ernest Griset, and published by Messrs. ROUTLEDGE.

Messrs. Jackson, Walford, & Hodder announce as nearly ready "The Family Pen, or Memorials, Biographical and Literary, of the Taylors of Ongar," edited by the Rev. Isaac Taylor, M.A., author of "Woods and Places," &c. The same firm also announce as forthcoming, "Family Life: Its Duties, Joys, and Sorrows," from the French of Count A. de Gasparin.

Mr. R. Arthur Arnold's new novel, "Hever Court," reprinted from Once a Week, is announced for publication by Messrs. Bradbury & Evans.

Mr. A. W. Bennett is about to publish—"Orestes," a metrical drama, by the author of "Philoctetes;" "A Rhymer's Wallet," by Cradock Newton, author of "Arnold, a Dramatic History;" "Camilla: Lyric Lays and Sympathies," by J. J. Britton; "Poems," by C. Lake; "Sketches by the Wayside," "The Vernons of Holly Mount," a juvenile tale, by Maggie Symington; and the first number of "The Fen and Marshland Churches," a series of photographs, with short historical and architectural descriptive notes, to be continued monthly.

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LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS FOR THE WEEK.

Ainsworth (W. H.), Old Court: a Novel. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d. Alice Learmont: a Fairy Tale. By the Author of "John Halifax." New edit. Alice Learmont: a Fairy Tale. By the Author of "John Halifax." New edit. Fcap., 1s.
Babington (C.), Manual of British Botany. 6th edit. 12mo., 10s. 6d.
Barnard (G.), Drawing from Nature. 3 parts. Royal 8vo., 7s. 6d. each.
Barker (Mrs. C. R.), Songs for our Little Friends. Set to music. Oblong 4to., 1s.
Black's General Atlas of the World. New edit. Folio, £3. 10s.
Blackburn's (H.), The Pyrenees. 100 Illustrations. Royal 8vo., 18s.
Brock (Mrs.), Sunday Echoes in Week-day Hours. New edit. Cr. 8vo., 5s.
Bush (Rev. J.), Canticles of the Song of Solomon. Cr. 8vo., 6s.
Clover Cottage; or, I can't get In. New edit. Fcap., 1s.
Cockton (H.), Valentine Vox. New edit. Fcap., 2s. 6d.

The Love Match. New edit. Fcap., 2s.
Crampton (T.). The Part Singer. Vol. I. 8vo., 3s.
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4to., 103. 6d.

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Eyre (C.), Irene's Repentance. 2 vols. Cr. 8vo., 21s.

Ewald (A. C.), Our Constitution. Cr. 8vo., 3s. 6d.

Forbes (Bishop), Explanation of the Articles. Vol. I. Cr. 8vo., 7s. 6d.

Fuller (H. W.), Diseases of the Lungs and Air Passages. 2nd edit. 8vo., 12s. 6d.

Gough (B.), Kentish Lyrics. Cr. 8vo., 5s. 6d.

Hart (A. J. X.), Catholic Psychology. Cr. 8vo., 4s. 6d.

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Kent (Rev. B.), The Pastor's Note Book. Cr. 8vo., 6s. 6d.

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Lennard (Lady B.), Constance Rivers. 2nd edit. 3 vols. Cr. 8vo., £1. 11s. 6d.

Lindsay (W.), Lectures on the Epistle to the Hebrews. 2 vols. 8vo., £1s.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Harwich, will leave the Bishopsgate Station at 8.30 a.m., returning from Harwich
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